The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are glad to inform our readers that our prophecy regarding the Christmas number of The Bookman was justified by the event. Its reception was even kinder than in former years, and the day of its publication proclaimed it "out of print."

The statistician, when he gets to work, will find, we think, that the year 1907 was quite remarkable for its output of books. The average quality, we should say, was also remarkably high, but we doubt if the writers of the year have produced very much that will be in demand a few years hence by publishers in search of matter to reprint. The continued vogue of the reprint is not entirely a matter for jubilation. It means living on interest on capital. Veneration for the classics is an admirable thing, but it can be bought too dearly. At the present time there are more editors than authors.

One striking feature of the books of the year has been the increasing demand for historical biographies So popular are these with library readers that many publishers are commissioning them long in advance. "Publishers' books" is a new term that has come into use with reviewers to designate volumes of this kind which are rather obviously made to order. The unfortunate feature of many of them is that they depend for their interest on a *chronique scandaleuse*.

We have received many letters of appreciation from our readers regarding the protest we voiced against the degradation of present-day fiction. Many correspondents have urged us to name the particular books we referred to. We regret that it was not possible for us to strengthen our protest in this way, as we had no desire to confer the glory of advertisement on masterpieces of pornography. It is an abuse difficult to remedy, since exposure means only a greatly desired publicity. A few writers and critics have affected to treat the matter as a case of Much Ado about Nothing. "We have never," they say, "come across such books as you describe." But that is not the opinion or the experience of reviewers. Every librarian and reviewer knows that there is a steadily increasing influx of filth into the stream of current fiction. Naturally enough, our best critics never see this garbage. But none the less is it a fact that while they are enjoying the reperusal of Scott and Meredith, the well of English fiction is being defiled by the infiltration of sewage. To protest against that is every critic's duty, and it is only the disappointed "psychologists" who will make stale witticisms with the names of Grundy and Bowdler.

We should have thought that bookmen who were also Britons would have welcomed with one accord

M. René Bazin.
Author of "Le Blé qui Lève." (See p. 164.)

the honour done to Mr. Kipling by the adjudicators of the Nobel prizes—an honour which merely corroborates what most of us know, namely, that Mr. Kipling's reputation is, in a wide sense, European. It is with regret, therefore, that we find a contemporary usually so well informed as the *Nation* describing the award as *saugrenu*. The term is more applicable, surely, to the critic who would so describe the creator of Mowgli, Mulvaney, Kim, and the Brushwood Boy.

Of the four most familiar literary categories of the present day—namely, novelist, playwright, major-poet, minor-poet—it is curious, and perhaps significant, that Mr. Kipling falls into none. Yet in both prose and verse it is fairly manifest for all to see that he has gone farthest of his own generation. His political philosophy may be thoroughly unsound, but that is no reason why "the accursed spirit of party" should intrude to belittle his literary style.

Following up a very interesting article last month on the new novelists of Germany, in which the first place was accorded to Gustav Frenssen, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has a sketch in the current number of "the new-comers," as it calls them, in "Le Roman Anglais." Prominent places are given in this article to Marriott Watson, Richard Bagot, Miss Robins, Miss Sinclair, F. M. Hueffer, and John Galsworthy. The article is by Mme. de Wyzewa.

A book to be looked out for in the new year is the elaborate monograph on Portuguese Architecture by Mr. Crum Watson, a novel subject, but likely to be popular in view of the recent growth of tourist traffic on the Booth steamers, and illustrated by some unique views of Portuguese buildings.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Graham Wallas, whose book on Francis Place is gratefully remembered by students of Radicalism, is completing a new book embodying fully as much work as its predecessor on Men, Politics and Modern Ideas.

Among other works of Fabian philosophy, the year 1908 will also be noteworthy for Mr. Wells's corrected views of Socialism in the making.

Whether we agree with all his reasoning or no, Mr. Hartog's little book on the teaching of English is emphatically one to be read. The English boy, he premises, cannot write English. He is never taught to express himself clearly. The French boy, on the other hand, is carefully instructed in methods of developing his ideas, and the result is seen in his composition. To obtain the benefit of the personal experience gained by Mr. Hartog in the schoolrooms of French elementary schools, you must read his book on "The Writing of English."

Among reprints of the new year, the reader will be specially grateful for the select volumes of American History by Parkman and Prescott promised in "Everyman's Library."

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "Deep Moat Grange," will be issued in the spring by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

It will be good news to the many admirers of "The Human Boy" to learn that Mr. Eden Phillpotts is to issue in the spring "The Human Boy Again," which will be a continuation of the first volume.

We understand that Mrs. Mackirdy, the author of that very remarkable book, "The Soul Market," is at work on a new series of impressions of London life, which she will issue under the title "Thirteen Nights."

Among reissues, the reader must not fail to see the attractive edition of Aytoun and Martin's excellent versions of the poems of Goethe, first published by Blackwood in 1859.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston has completed a new novel of London life which Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish shortly under the title "Sally."

The marvellous sales of "The Lady of the Decoration," a series of letters from a lady missionary in Japan, have created, we understand, an entirely new record even for America. At Christmas time the sale reached 15,000 copies a week, and in England and the Colonies the popularity of the book is steadily growing.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish in the spring a volume by Lady Gordon entitled "Unforegone Conclusions." They will also issue immediately Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Ibsen," in the "Literary Lives Series."

Excellent is the idea of the Exhibition of Books, originated by the *Tribune* last year, and this year copied by the *Daily Chronicle* and a Liverpool newspaper. What good these shows do for their holders is not quite clear; but there can be little doubt that they bring, perhaps indirectly rather than directly, grist to the mill of authors and publishers, who as a matter of course should welcome anything that brings them into touch with the public. Doubtless many folk go to the exhibitions in Bond Street and Bouverie Street merely to pass the time, as they might go anywhere else where there is no charge for admission; but even to these it must bring home the fact that books may make suitable presents; while it gives to others the opportunity lacking elsewhere to see books of which they have heard and in which they are interested. A man hesitates to go to a bookseller's unless he knows what book he wants: at these shows he may wander without being importuned to buy until perchance he sees a volume he desires. The books exhibition is a most valuable innovation, and it is to be hoped it will become an annual feature of the winter season.

The "Georgian Boom," as the *Saturday Review* calls it, is still much in evidence, and "Farmer George," "Coke of Norfolk," "George III. as Man, Monarch, and Statesman," "Vignettes of the Regency," and "The First Gentleman of Europe" seem to have whetted the appetite, if not of readers, at least of authors. The latest announcement is a biography of Mary Anne Robinson by Mr. Stanley Makower. "Perdita" wrote her own memoirs, which her daughter edited, and she has recently been treated of in Mr. Fyvie's "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era" and in Mr. Lewis Melville's biography of George IV., whose mistress she was. It is improbable that there is any new material to be brought to light, but the story of the actress-poetess in the capable hands of the author of "The Mirror of Music" may make interesting reading.

The recent suicide of a husband and wife, both authors, has raised the question of literary earnings. The man, in this case, threw up a berth worth a thousand a year to enter the literary arena, although he had an unpractised pen and had little or no reason to believe that he was gifted with imagination or the power of expression. Successful novelists and playwrights may amass a fortune, but a man who essays to make his way with such a book as "Why your MSS. are Returned" has no reasonable hope of fame or a competence. The hard, naked truth is that no one should enter the calling of letters in the expectation of earning a livelihood for many years. If he has means and talent, all will be well in the long run, and in ten years he may secure the uncertain pittance of a head clerk; but if he cannot stay, he stands no more chance of success than the impecunious barrister. In these days, when popular papers dwell upon the joys and emoluments of the successful author, and colleges profess to teach the

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. St. John Lucas.

Editor of "The Oxford Book of French Verse."

art of letters in a dozen lessons, many are attracted to the calling; but the warning cannot be too often reiterated to those who desire to "commence author" that literature is a very stony-hearted stepmother.

Mr. Charles G. Harper is steadily pursuing his valuable labours in the history of the English high-roads, and he will shortly publish in two volumes "The Manchester and Glasgow Road," the path that so frequently figures in real life and in fiction, for it was trodden by those lovers who hastened across the Border to be united in holy matrimony by the blacksmith-priest of Gretna Green.

The often-postponed edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is now definitely announced by Messrs. Methuen to appear shortly under the supervision of Mr. Robert Ross. It will be in about fourteen volumes, at 12*s.* 6*d.* net a volume, and the edition will be limited in Great Britain to five hundred ordinary and fifty large-paper copies. Besides the four best known plays will be included "Salomé," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy" and "The Duchess of Padua," which has appeared hitherto only in a German translation. There will be the short stories, the brilliant "Intentions," the delightful children's tales, the "Poems in Prose" (from the *Fortnightly Review*), "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," "An Essay on Artists' Models," and of course "De Profundis" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," as well as some unpublished letters and poems. We welcome this edition heartily, for it is time that a tribute should be paid to the great talents of this unhappy but gifted man.

Since all bookmen are not well off, and many are exceedingly poor, there can be no doubt of the reception that will be accorded to the offer of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press to supply the Cambridge Modern History on the instalment principle. It is true that the adoption of this principle by an enterprising newspaper has led to many county-court actions, but the work now offered is not popular in the broader sense of the word, and it is unlikely that it will be taken advantage of except by students who will be anxious to retain the volumes. We remember that some years ago Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. offered the "Dictionary of National Biography" to those who would pay two guineas a month, and now that the Cambridge University Press is following suit, it is to be hoped that other firms owning expensive works may be induced to offer them on these terms.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*) promises a first instalment of reminiscences that extend over forty years, wherein we shall have his personal recollections of Disraeli and Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, Lord Randolph Churchill, and many other prominent politicians. Some of Mr. Lucy's impressions have appeared in his volumes of "Peeps of Parliament," and if these may be taken as a sample, in bulk they should be delightful.

Mr. Roelants, the publisher of Schiedam, whose death is announced, was the pioneer in Holland of cheap reprints of native classics. It was as far back as 1852 that the first volume of his "Literary Pantheon" appeared, and since then these booklets, edited by competent critics, have spread a knowledge of their great writers of past times among classes of the Dutch people who otherwise would have remained ignorant of them. Of his contemporaries, Roelants's chief author was Schimmel, one of the few Dutch novelists to be done into English. By such works as "Sinjeur Semeyns," "The Captain of the Life Guard," the "Haagsche Joffer," Schimmel, who was an all-round, accomplished man of letters, worthily followed Van Lennep in the field of historical romance. Roelants published all his works. He also made his countrymen acquainted, through translations, with foreign fiction. He issued, for example, Dutch versions of some of Thackeray's novels, and an edition of the works of Dickens, illustrated by the well-known drawings of F. Barnard.

One of the most interesting publications of the time is the new edition of Tennyson, edited by the present Lord Tennyson and containing the poet's own annotations. Messrs. Macmillan have already issued one volume, and the second of the nine will appear this month.

Other interesting announcements by Messrs. Macmillan are a Globe Edition of Mr. Dobson's edition of Evelyn's Diary, and a new volume in the "English Men of Letters Series" on James Thomson by Mr. G. C. Macaulay. Thomson's claim to this honour is likely to be sharply scrutinised, and it must rest rather on his historical importance than on his poetical achievement.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best six quotations from Tennyson illustrating his minute observation of bird life.

III.—Of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford it is said:

"For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in black or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye."

A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of twenty "bed's-head" books.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been gained by Mrs. ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES. BY WALTER CRANE.

"'The Crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the Crane.'"
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, iii. 88.

Other good quotations submitted were:

THE LETTERS OF DEAN HOLE.

"His talk was like a stream which runs,
With rapid change, from rocks to roses."
PRAED'S *Vicar*.

(MRS. MEADOWS, Norton-in-Hales, Market Drayton.)

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S REMINISCENCES.

"A clod—a piece of orange-peel—
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a Princely heel,
How beautiful they are!"
CALVERLEY.

(MRS. CHARLES WRIGHT, Fairmead, Sutton.)

THE GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY. BY G. S. STREET.

"I would choose me a house in my favourite street;
Yes or no—I would carry my point, willy-nilly,
If 'No'—pick a quarrel; if 'Yes'—Piccadilly!"
LOCKER LAMPSON.

(E. WARD, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

IMMORTAL MEMORIES. BY CLEMENT SHORTER.

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born."
HOOD.

(J. A. JENKINS, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

QUOTATIONS FOR PULPIT USE.

"Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote."
YOUNG.

(BERNARD MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford.)

THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO. BY COLONEL PATTERSON.

"*Bombastes.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore."
W. B. RHODES.

(KATHARINE SYDENHAM, Dulverton, Somerset.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best suggestion as to the most musical single line in Shakespeare has been awarded to L. PETERKIN, 85, Casewick Road, S.E.

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."
Hamlet, V. ii. 358.

The following lines were each submitted by many competitors:

"The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night."
Romeo, II. iii.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea."
Richard II., II. i.

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."
Merchant of Venice, V. i.

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night."
Romeo, II. ii. 167.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."
Macbeth, III. ii.

"But earthlier happy is the rose distilled."
Midsummer Night's Dream, I. i.

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care."
Macbeth, II. ii.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"
Merchant of Venice, V. i.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best list of twenty Nursery Classics has been awarded by our competitors' votes to E. GORDON BROWNE, 6, Princess Terrace, Oxton, Birkenhead.

1. Caldecott's "Illustrated Rhyme Books."
2. Grimm's "Fairy Tales."
3. Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales."
4. "Alice in Wonderland."
5. "Through the Looking-glass."
6. Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes."
7. Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare."
8. "Æsop's Fables."
9. "Water Babies."
10. Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes."
11. Mrs. Molesworth's "The Cuckoo Clock."
12. Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord."
13. "Robinson Crusoe."
14. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse."
15. Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant."
16. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature."
17. Kipling's "Just-so Stories."
18. Kipling's "Jungle Book."
19. Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring."
20. "Struwwelpeter."

Lists closely approximating to the above were submitted by Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton; Miss Audrey Jennings, 11, Hastings Road, Ealing; and Miss M. McColl, Logie Lea, Bridge-of-Allan.

IV.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MRS. ARNOLD, The Beeches, Woodhouse, nr. Sheffield, and E. GORDON BROWNE, 6, Princess Terrace, Oxton, Birkenhead.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 5 to February 5, 1908.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

LOMAS, JOHN.—In Spain. 50 illustrations from photographs. 5s. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BESANT, WALTER, and E. H. PALMER.—Jerusalem. (St. Martin's Library Edition.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
BRAITHWAITE, W. S.—The Book of Elizabethan Verse: An Anthology. 6s. net.
BUCHANAN, ROBERT.—The Shadow of the Sword. (St. Martin's Library Edition.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
COOPER, E. H.—The Marquis and Pamela. 6s.
FISHER, ARTHUR O.—Withyford: a Romance of Exmoor. 6s.
KEMPLING, W. BAILY (Editor).—The Royal Poets of England. (Vol. of King's Classics.) 1s. 6d. net.
MACKINDER, H. J., and MRS. JARDINE.—The Rhine. With coloured plates. 20s. net.
MORE, SIR THOMAS (Edited by Robert Steele).—Utopia. (Vol. of King's Classics.) 1s. 6d. net.
SHAKESPEARE (Edited by Dr. Furnivall).—The Comedy of Errors. (Old Spelling Edition.) 2s. 6d. net and 5s. net.
WELSH, CHARLES.—Character Portraits from Dickens. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

BOILEAU.—Les Satires, Les Epitres et L'Art Poetique. Préface de Augustin Filon. (Les Classiques Français.) Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.
JONES, E. ALFRED.—The Old Silver Sacramental Vessels of Foreign Protestant Churches in England. With 22 plates in photogravure and half-tone. Royal 4to, 21s. net.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

DOUGHTY, C. M. (Edited by Edward Garnett).—Wanderings in Arabia. 2 vols. 16s. net.
REICH, DR. EMILE.—Handbook of Geography. 2 vols. 15s. net.
SICKERT, BERNARD.—Whistler. (Popular Library of Art.) Leather, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

COMPAYRÉ, GABRIEL (Translated by R. P. Gago).—Pestalozzi. (Pioneers in Education.) 2s. 6d. net.
COMPAYRÉ, GABRIEL (Translated by R. P. Gago).—Rousseau. (Pioneers in Education.) 2s. 6d. net.
The above are two volumes of a new series, of which two more will be issued in February. All are translated from the French of Compayré.
GRIFFIS, WILLIAM E.—The Japanese Nation in Evolution. 22 illustrations. 6s.
RICH, WALTER H.—Feathered Game of the North East U.S. 85 illustrations. 15s. net.

Mr. William Heinemann.

BENSON, E. F.—Sheaves. 6s.
DE MORGAN, WILLIAM.—Somehow Good. 6s.
HUNT, VIOLET.—White Rose of Weary Leaf. 6s.
JACOB, VIOLET.—History of Aythan Waring. 6s.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—"A Princess of Intrigue. Madame de Longueville and her Times." 32 full-page illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. net.

Mr. John Murray.

BLACK, CLEMENTINA.—Caroline. (Novel.) 6s.
CROKER, RT. HON. JOHN W.—Stories Selected from the History of England.
EMMETT, KATHLEEN F. (MRS. FOLEY).—The Silver Zone. (Novel.) 6s.
HAWTREY, VALENTINA.—Rodwell. (Novel.) 6s.
LYSTER, MRS. JOHN.—A Family Chronicle. From Notes and Letters selected by Barbarina, Lady Grey.
MACKAY, THOMAS (Edited by).—The Reminiscences of the late Albert Pell.
MACLAREN, IAN.—Graham of Claverhouse. (Novel.) 6s.
MALLOCK, W. H.—A Critical Examination of Socialism. 6s.
NEUMAN, B. PAUL.—Dominy's Dollars. (Novel.) 6s.
Official Account of the 2nd Afghan War (1878—1880).
ROBBINS, MRS. H. H.—The First British Ambassador to China. The Life and Correspondence of Earl Macartney.
STODDART, MISS ANNA M.—Life of Mrs. Bishop. (Cheap Edition.) 6s. net.
STURGE, M. CARTA.—The Truth and Error of Christian Science. (Cheap Edition.)

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

Hustled History, or The Sprinter's Guide to Knowledge. By the authors of "Wisdom while you Wait," "Signs of the Times," etc. Illustrated by George Morrow. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. net.
LILLEY, A. A.—Modernism: A Record and a Review. (An authoritative history of the modernist movement by an Anglican who has carefully watched its various phases and has been in close personal touch with its prominent leaders.) Demy 8vo., cloth gilt, 6s. net (?)
NICOLL, REV. W. ROBERTSON, LL.D.—Ten Minute Sermons. (A dainty reprint of what many consider to be Dr. Robertson Nicoll's best work of this nature.) Fcap 8vo, cloth, 2s. net; gilt, 2s. 6d. (?)
Pitman's International Mercantile Letters. Vol. I. English-German.

Messr. Sands & Co.

FULLERTON, LADY GEORGINA.—Constance Sherwood. (Reprint.) Paper, 6d.
LUCAS, HERBERT, S.J.—"We Preach Christ Crucified." 3s. 6d. net.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co.

D'ESTERRE-KEELING, ELEONORE.—Musicians' Birthday Book. 6s. net.
DUNCAN, EDMONDSTOUNE.—Story of Minstrelsy. 3s. 6d. net.
NIEMEYER, DR. PAUL.—The Lungs. 1s.
PERFECT, REV. H. T.—Lady Beauclerc at Home. (Novel.) 6s.
PRAGA, MRS. ALFRED.—Dainty Dinner Tables. (Useful Red Series.) 1s.
STOEVING, PAUL.—Story of the Violin. (Music Story Series, edited by J. F. Crowest.) Edition de luxe. 5s. net.
WILSON, DAVID H.—George Morland. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Skeffington & Son.

COHU, REV. J. R.—The Sermon on the Mount. 3s. 6d. net.
COLE, REV. F. G.—Mother of All Churches. 3s. 6d. net.
DOWDALL, REV. L. D.—Pithy Thoughts for Pulpit Teaching. 2s. 6d. net.
HARDMAN, LATE REV. DR. J. W.—The Preacher Prepared. (N.E. after being O.P. 8 years.) 5s. net.
JONES, REV. SPENCER.—Plain Instructions and Questions for Confirmation Candidates. 1½d. net.
MURPHY, THE LATE REV. J. B. C.—The Journey of the Soul. (Skeffington's Sermon Library, vol. ix.) 2s. net.
OWEN, DOROTHY.—Letters to Schoolgirls. 2s. net.
ROOSE, PAULINE, W.—Death-Life's Birthday. 5s. net.
SHETTLE, REV. G. T.—The Pathway of the Cross. 1s. net.
VARIOUS AUTHORS.—Mission Preaching for a Year, Pt. II. 2s. 6d. net.
WATSON, THE LATE FREDERIC, D.D.—The Christian Life Here and Hereafter. 5s. net.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

HARRISON, FREDERIC.—My Alpine Jubilee. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

BURROWS, HERBERT, and J. A. HOBSON.—William Clarke: A Collection of his Writings.
FOGERTY, ELSIE.—The Queen's Jest, and Other Plays. (Plays for amateur performance in girls' schools.) Costume Edition, 2s. 6d. net; Acting Edition, 6d. net.
GILSON, CAPTAIN.—The History of the 1st Batt. of the Sherwood Foresters in the Boer War. With a Preface by Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Smith-Dorrien. With maps, plans and illustrations.
PILLSBURY, W. B., Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan.—Attention. (Library of Philosophy.) 10s. 6d. net.
RAMSAY, SIR JAMES H., BART.—The Dawn of a Constitution, or The Reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. 12s.
SPILLER, GUSTAV.—Faith in Man: The Religion of the Twentieth Century.
TSCHUDI, CLARA (Translated by Ethel H. Hearn).—Ludwig II. of Bavaria. 7s. 6d.
VERSCHOYLE, W. D.—Electricity: What is it?

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

BOOTHBY, GUY.—A Consummate Scoundrel. 6d.
GUNTER, A. C.—Doctor Burton's Success. 6s.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Mother. 6s.
PRATT, AMBROSE.—First Person Paramount. 6s.
SMART, HAWLEY.—The Outsider. 6d.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Craven Fortune. 6s.

Mr. Philip Wellby.

CROMARTIE, THE COUNTESS OF.—The Days of Fire: A Celtic Romance. 3s. net.
List of proposed works to be issued by the Hermetic Text Society: Christian Mysticism; Rosicrucian Literature; Freemasonry and Templarism; The Masters of Alchemy. Subscription 21s.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JANUARY, 1908.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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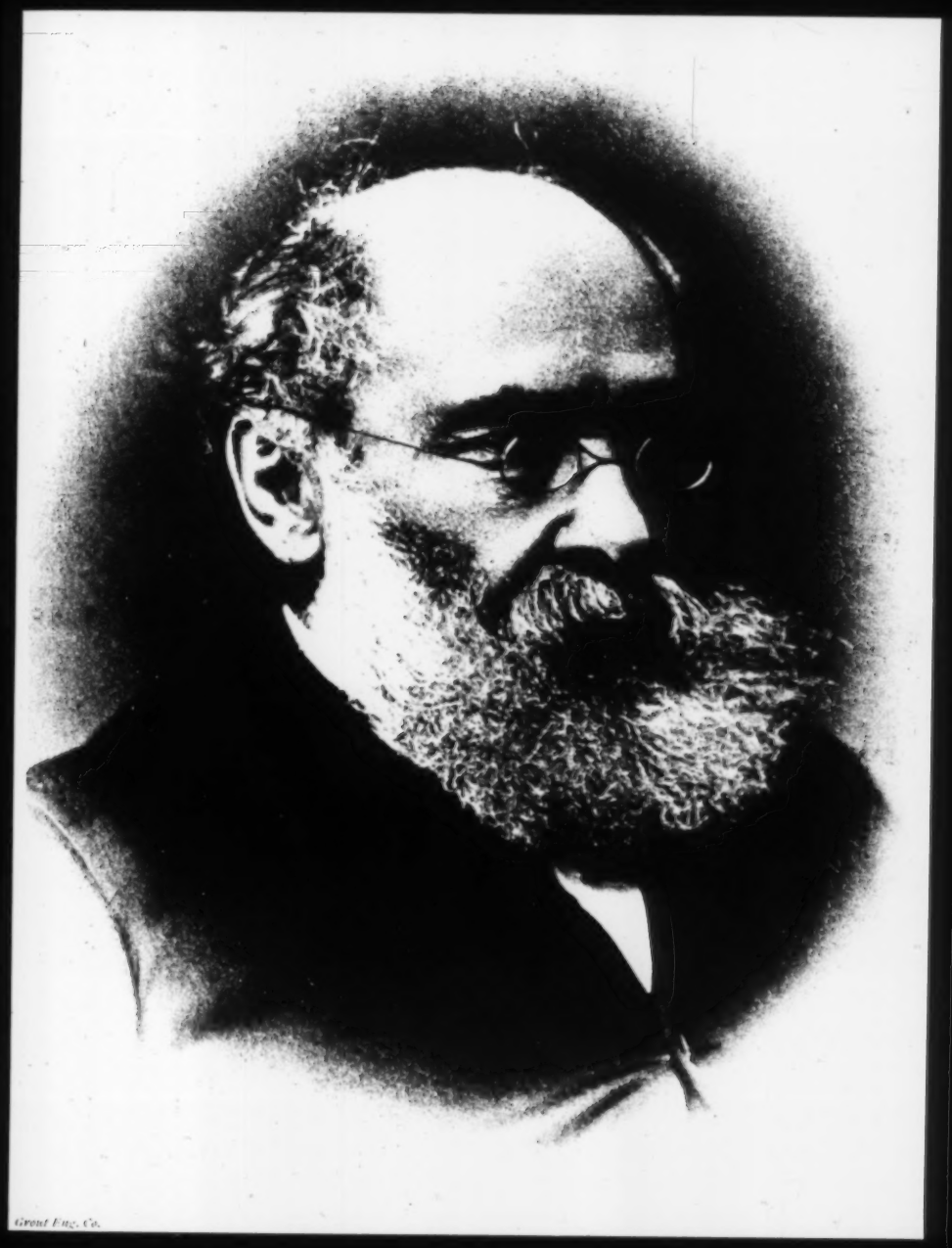

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THE READER.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

By Lewis Melville.

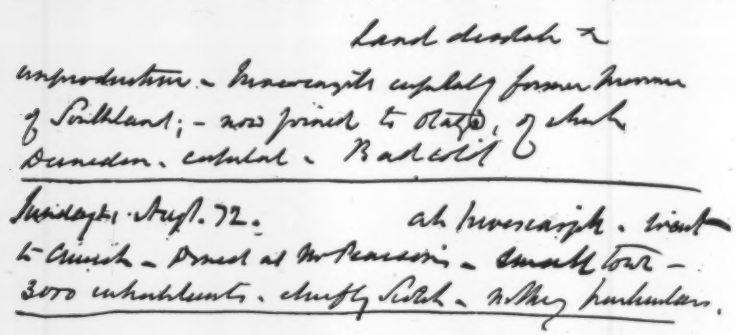
IN nothing in the world is reaction so marked as in literature, and in no branch of letters does reputation fluctuate more than in fiction. The truth of this statement becomes apparent after the briefest examination of the estimation in which to-day the early-Victorian and mid-Victorian novelists are held. Thackeray and Dickens, of course, have never had among their contemporaries rivals other than each other; but even Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, in spite of their undeniable qualities, have had their positions in the literary hierarchy seriously questioned; while the rest are, in varying degree, suffering now from that disparagement which is the natural result of their having been praised beyond their deserts during their lifetime. Ainsworth is under a cloud, and it is doubtful if he will ever again emerge beyond the boys' realm into the sunshine of popularity; and with him has gone Douglas Jerrold, and, it is fervently to be hoped, that wearying purveyor of low comedy, Samuel Lover. Not even the most indulgent critics resent the disappearance of the works of these writers, as not even their greatest admirers can galvanise them into a semblance of life. With several other notabilities of the period, however, the case is different. It is right and fitting that perfervid champions of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, should suffer a check, as it is agreeable to note that an ever-increasing body of readers, gallantly led by Mr. Clement Shorter, is bestowing upon his brother Henry more favour than was, until recently, his portion. Bulwer Lytton is slowly finding his place, which is probably higher than many suspect; and Charles Lever, Wilkie Collins, Disraeli, Mrs. Oliphant, and Anthony Trollope are still suffering neglect that is, albeit in various degrees, unmerited.

Many of these novelists owe their lapse from popularity to their enormous output, and it is scarcely probable that they will return to favour until time has weeded out their inferior works, and has relegated these productions to the limbo of forgotten things. Anthony Trollope is one of this unhappy band. He wrote more than half a hundred novels, most of them of great length; and if but few of these were bad, it is safe to say that, at the outside, not more than a dozen show the author at his best—say, the Barset tales, "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," and "The Claverings," to which some may add "The Bertrams" and "The Three Clerks." But, as Mrs. Oliphant's reputation will in the end rest probably upon the "Chronicles of Carlingford," so Trollope, it seems likely, will stand or fall by the Barsetshire series of stories—"The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Dr. Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "The Last Chronicle of Barset"; for as, broadly speaking, Thackeray has come to be regarded as the novelist of the upper classes, and Dickens of the lower classes, so Trollope has taken his place, alike in the minds of students of literature and of the general reading public, as the exponent in fiction of the clergy.

Photo by Window & Grove.
Anthony Trollope.

Now the modern school of fiction, with one or two notable exceptions, can have but little sympathy with Trollope's work, for the one is virtually a protest against the other. The novelist of the day is beset by the desire to specialise, which, admirable and indeed necessary in such branches of study as, for instance, medicine and engineering, is objectionable in the republic of fiction. The present-day writer of novels takes for his subject sailors or soldiers, Society or the slums, as the case may be, and the picture presented of the selected crevice is often so excellent that the author deservedly wins much praise—until the time comes when, having said his say, he proceeds consciously or, often enough, unconsciously, to say it over and over again. In this method the most noticeable defect is, of course, a want of breadth: we desire to see Wapping or Grosvenor Square or Upper Tooting, not as a unit, but in its place in the country, as we ask to be shown the soldier, not in his mess, but in his relation to the world.

As Fielding or Thackeray saw life, the novelist of to-day does not, or cannot, see it, or, seeing it, does not note it down for his readers. His books suggest haste, not indeed by their style—which is often very good—but by the smallness of the canvas. Can this be—the question protrudes itself persistently—the outcome of a mistrust of his powers? Is he, perhaps, so little confident that he does not dare to take a large slice of life and fill in the details at his leisure, as did the giants of old? The contemporary novel may in most instances be read, by one used to reading, during an



A portion of Anthony Trollope's Journal.

afternoon; often, indeed, in the interval between tea and dinner; and this seems a poor thing compared with those earlier books that would fill four or five six-shilling volumes, and would engage and interest the reader for days, comfortably and at his ease, and still leave the characters so fresh and real that they could be revived in the next story—a favourite device with both Thackeray and Trollope.

To appreciate fully the art of Trollope it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that with him plot was a secondary consideration, and that often the merest shred of a story was deemed sufficient basis for a big book; that he avoided the great elemental passions like the plague; and that he never, in his best works, had any purpose whatsoever save to entertain. He was, indeed, pre-eminently a chronicler of small beer, most at home in narrating the struggles incidental to the appointment to a deanery, or a simple love-affair between two (not always very interesting, it must be admitted) young persons—for choice, a lord of the manor and a maid of slightly lower social position—for this author was as careful as the inhabitants themselves to delineate clearly the most trifling differences in station of those who dwelt in the small country town wherein the story was laid.

So confident was he of providing from such poor material entertaining stories that he disdained the common practice of concealing until the end the solution of some intrigue or love-affair. "The novelist," he says in an aside in "Barchester Towers," "ventures to reprobate that system which goes so far to violate all proper confidence between the author and his readers, by maintaining nearly to the end of the third volume a mystery as to the fate of their favourite personage. Nay, more, and worse than this, is too frequently done. Have not often the profoundest efforts of genius been used to baffle the aspirations of the reader, to raise false hopes and false fears, and to give rise to expectations which are never to be realised? Are not promises all but made of delightful horrors, in lieu of which the writer produces nothing but most commonplace realities in his final chapter? And is there not a species of deceit in this to which the honesty of the present age should lend no countenance? . . . Our doctrine is that the author and the reader should move along together in full confidence with each other. Let the personages of the drama undergo so complete a comedy of errors among themselves, but let the spectator never mistake the Syracusan for the Ephesian; otherwise he is one of the dupes, and the part of a dupe is never dignified." This seems a bold attitude for a novelist to assume, and yet there is no novelist of the first rank who depends mainly on his plot for the interest of his stories. It is with fiction as with real life: no one fails to read, and re-read, the history of Napoleon because he knows how that great man's career ended; and who is less likely to return again and again to "Esmond" because he remembers the hero eventually married Lady Castlewood? It is not plot, but characterisation and atmosphere and style that make the great novel. Whatever may be thought of Trollope's achievements in the field of literature, it is obvious that he had sufficient mother-wit to realise the secret that underlies the composition of all the best works of fiction.

There is told an excellent story about an Irish advocate who had to cross-examine Anthony Trollope, and whose aim it was to discredit the novelist's reputation, since he could not directly impugn the witness's veracity, and was only too well aware he could not shake his testimony. "What are you?" was counsel's first question. "An official in the Post-office," was Trollope's reply. But this was not the answer required, so the other persevered: "What else?" Trollope admitted he was an author. This was better. "An author! an author of what?" Trollope said he thought his best book was "Barchester Towers," and he would prefer to be known as the author of that story.

Anthony Trollope's country house at Harting.

"Well, sir, is there a word of truth in it?" "It is a work of fiction," the novelist answered in astonishment. "I don't care what it is, sir," retorted the barrister; "but—remember, sir, you are on your oath!—is there a word of truth in the book from first to last?" "I don't suppose there is," growled the exasperated author. "Then, sir," said counsel triumphantly, with a meaning glance at the jury, "after that admission, you may stand down!" Yet Trollope might well have declared that there was much truth in "Barchester Towers," which he is not alone in believing his best work, for it is hard to believe that he did not draw from life many of the characters in that book. Archdeacon Grantly, Bishop Proudie, for example, are creatures of flesh and blood; so that it comes as a surprise to learn that at the time he conjured up these figures he had never resided for any length of time in any cathedral city except the metropolis, and was not closely acquainted with any clergyman. "My archdeacon, who has been said to be life-like, was the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness," he declared with pleasurable astonishment. "It was such as that, in my opinion, that an archdeacon should be—or, at any rate, would be what an archdeacon might have been; and lo! an archdeacon was produced who has been declared by competent authorities to be an archdeacon to the very ground!"

From the original miniature in oils by A. Hervieu, in the possesssion of Mrs. Anthony Trollope.

Mrs. Trollope, the novelist's mother.

Trollope conceived "The Warden," the first of the Barsetshire series, when he was wandering one summer evening in the purlieus of Salisbury Cathedral; and forthwith, with the diligence of a surveyor, he proceeded to map out the new county he was about to add to English literature. He has told us how he knew every inch of this phantom county, its roads and its parishes, its rectors and its country gentlemen; and, he declared, "There has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I know all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there." This shows a wonderful power of concentration, and, in the hands of a lesser man, would have resulted in volumes of abysmal dulness; but Trollope, though he denied inspiration, had the gifts essential for this continuous literary work. He had sufficient imagination, admirable descriptive powers, a genius for portraiture, and a deep affection for his fictitious characters—no one will ever know what it cost him to kill Mrs. Proudie, after hearing a clergyman say that a man should not write novels if he could not invent new figures!

To enumerate all the characters that pass and repass before us on the vast canvas would require an entire page, but some stand out so distinctly that, for auld lang syne, their names may be mentioned. There is hen-pecked Dr. Proudie and his Mrs.-Caudle-like wife, and the crafty Slope, and the intriguing mother of the "last of the Neros"; there is gentle Harding and his sensible daughter Eleanor, the somewhat aggressive Archdeacon, and the pitiful Quiverfuls; there is Dr. Thorne, and Miss Dunstable of "Oil of Lebanon" wealth, and the Duke of Omnium, as well as Sir Roger Scatcherd and his son, Louis Philippe. It must be confessed, however, that Trollope's lovers have little vitality, and it would be difficult to recall the characters and characteristics of Lucy Robarts, Kate Woodward, and Mary Thorne, of Frank Gresham and Lord Lufton; but one does not so easily forget stately Griselda Grantly, whose sole comment, when she learns that her marriage has been broken off, is "Then, mamma, I had better give them orders not to go on with the marking!"

Through six stories we follow these figures and a host of others, interested in most of them to the end, and most readers take a last farewell of Barset and the towers of Barchester with a regret as vivid as that of the author who for a dozen years or more wandered thereabouts. "I may not venture to say to the reader," Trollope wrote, in bringing to an end the famous series, "that, in this country, he and I together have wandered often through the country lanes, and have ridden together over the too-well-wooded fields, or have stood together in the nave listening to the peals of the organ, or have sat together at good men's tables, or have confronted together the angry pride of men who were not good. I may not boast that any beside myself have so realised the place, and the people, and the facts, as to make such reminiscences possible as those which I should attempt to evoke by an appeal to perfect fellowship. But to me Barset has been a real county, and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are

(Reproduced from "The Three Clerks," by kind permission of Mr. John Long.)

known to my ears, and the pavement of the city ways are familiar to my footsteps. To them all I now say farewell. That I have been induced to wander among them too long by my love of old friendships, and by the sweetness of old faces, is a fault for which I may perhaps be more readily forgiven, when I repeat, with some solemnity of assurance, the promise made in my title, that this shall be the last chronicle of Barset."

Trollope has an easy, agreeable style, which was always equal to any demands the author made upon it, though these were not very great, for he indulged in no "purple patches" or passionate scenes. His strongest vein, perhaps, was humour, and this is more perceptible in the delineation of the characters and in their attitudes than in the dialogue. It is, indeed, surprising that so little reference has been made by his critics to this quality, for humour is the very essence of most of his books, and in his masterpiece, "Barchester Towers," there is scarcely a page, and certainly not one scene, that has not been inspired by it. It is said that he was lacking in wit, yet one may not infrequently come across quaint strokes of fancy. There is the Duke of Omnium, who "was very willing that the queen should be queen so long as he was allowed to be Duke of Omnium"; there is Dr. Grantly, "by no means deficient in heart. He loved, with an honest, genuine love, his wife and children and friends. He loved his father-in-law, and was quite prepared to love Eleanor too, if she would be on his side"; and there is the Honourable George de Courcy, who "for his part liked to see the people go quiet on Sundays. The parson had only one day in seven, and he thought they were fully entitled to that." In these and similar descriptions the present writer traces the influence of Benjamin Disraeli; while no one can ignore, or deny, the true Disraelian sparkle of the following conversation between Ethelbert Stanhope, the artist son of the Dean of Barchester, and Dr. Proudie, the bishop newly appointed to that see:

"'You weren't a bishop before, were you?'

"Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

"'Ah! I thought so,' said Bertie; 'but you are changed about sometimes, ain't you?'

"'Translations are occasionally made,' said Dr. Proudie; 'but not so frequently as in former days.'

"'They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?' said Bertie.

"To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector.

"'But the work, I suppose, is different?' continued Bertie. 'Is there much to do here, at Barchester?' This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

"'The work of a bishop of the Church of England,' said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, 'is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed.'

"'Is it?' said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. 'Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop myself.'

"'Had thoughts of being a bishop!' said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"'That is, a parson—a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best!'"

Even that famous St. Aldegonde who didn't like Sundays must give the *pas* to out-spoken, irresponsible Ethelbert Stanhope!

If there is a touch of caricature here and there in Trollope's characterisation, as in Mrs. Proudie, Dr. Slope, and Madame "Vicinironi," there is nothing but very sincere pathos to be found in the portrait, at once wonderful and true, of the Rev. Josiah Crawley, Vicar of Hogglestock, that stern, unhappy, perhaps somewhat embittered clergyman, whose pride compels him to hide his abject poverty—a feat only to be accomplished by shutting his doors to all except distressed parishioners. When his wife falls ill, however, he is at length forced to accept the aid of friends, and then begins a fierce internal struggle between pride and gratitude, which ends in the victory of the latter. "May God Almighty bless you, Miss Robarts!" he thanks her for all she has done. "You have brought sunshine into this house, even in the time of sickness when there was no sunshine; and He will bless you. You have been the Good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, pouring in oil and balm. To the mother of my children you have given life, and to me you have brought light, and comfort, and good words—making my spirit glad within me as it has not been gladdened before. All this hath come of charity, which vaunteth not itself,

and is not puffed up. Faith and hope are beautiful, but charity exceedeth them all." And, having so delivered himself, as some patriarch of old might have done, he went away, and hid himself. There is nothing finer in Trollope's hundred volumes, and surely Fielding and Thackeray would have been pleased and proud to call the Rev. Josiah Crawley their own!

In these days, when third-rate drawing-room coteries prate glibly of the decline of art, and in the same breath announce the desire to be identified with the new school of thought, so sane a writer as Anthony Trollope must almost of necessity be neglected. Yet the day will surely come when even silly people will weary of that school of artist who is all talk and no performance, and in a healthier era Trollope may again attain a meed of popularity. The novelist said of one of his books—and the same description applies to most of his tales—"The story was thoroughly English. There was a little fox-hunting and a little tuft-hunting, some Christian virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villainy. There was much Church, but more love-making. And it was honest, downright love." But Trollope's works contain more than this, and, indeed, it may be claimed that he has, with masterly skill, left for future ages a well-nigh perfect picture of clerical and lay society in the English counties during the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century.

They tell your brother.—Kill your brother, that if it were to save me from the gallows, he should not have a shilling.

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NOTES OF A BOOK-BUYER.

THE book-buyer is very seldom recognised in current debates, discussions, and disputes. Yet he is a respectable character—and even, I will venture to say, an indispensable character. Without him authors and publishers would have very little to quarrel about. It is on him, and his like, that they must at the last depend.

Ever since I had any money at all I have been a book-buyer. The first really large sum I possessed was two florins, given me by a grand-uncle. With these I purchased "Nicholas Nickleby," in two volumes, green paper backs. It has turned out a good investment, even from the pecuniary point of view. I wrote an introduction to "Nicholas Nickleby," in the American Millionaire edition of Dickens's works, and received for it more than four shillings. Since then I have gone on purchasing, and have bought in all about ten thousand books. It so happens that now I need not buy many new books, and my purchases are mainly second-hand. But of all kinds of booksellers I have had a wide experience—an experience which I hope will go on widening—and among booksellers I have found some of my very best friends. The object of these notes will be simply to describe some of my purchases, and I shall not have much occasion to write about new books.

My experience is admirably described in Mrs. Fuller Maitland's new book, "More Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre" (Constable, 6s.). She relates that Richard de Bury, who was at one time tutor to Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward III., led her into extravagance. Richard de Bury was a devoted bookbuyer, and he wrote: "This ecstatic love has carried us away so powerfully that we have resigned all thoughts of other earthly things, and have given ourselves up to a passion for acquiring books." This excellent man further wrote: "No dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books if he has the money that is demanded for them, unless it be to withstand the malice of the seller, or to await a more favourable opportunity of buying."

Having read so far, Mrs. Maitland called for her despatch box.

The Bishop goes on: "For we know that the love of books is the same thing as the love of wisdom. Now this love is called by the Greek word philosophy, the whole virtue of which no created intelligence can understand, for she is believed to be the mother of all good things."

Here Mrs. Maitland unlocked her despatch box, and laid her cheque-book on the table before her.

"If you come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and inquire of them, they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant. O books, who alone are liberal and free, who give to all who ask of you and enfranchise all who serve you faithfully, by how many thousand types are ye commended in the Scriptures given us by inspiration of God!"

At this point Mrs. Maitland took up the pen and wrote a cheque and addressed an envelope. She returned to the Bishop, and read another appeal to buy books at once. She says: "Richard de Bury had made it an absolute impossibility for me to return the thirty old-new books to the bookshop in the High Street, Marylebone, from whence 'for inspection' they came." I know that shop in the High Street, Marylebone. I have been accused of making a beast of myself there. I have spent in it even to the uttermost farthing. But I take another paragraph from Mrs. Maitland:

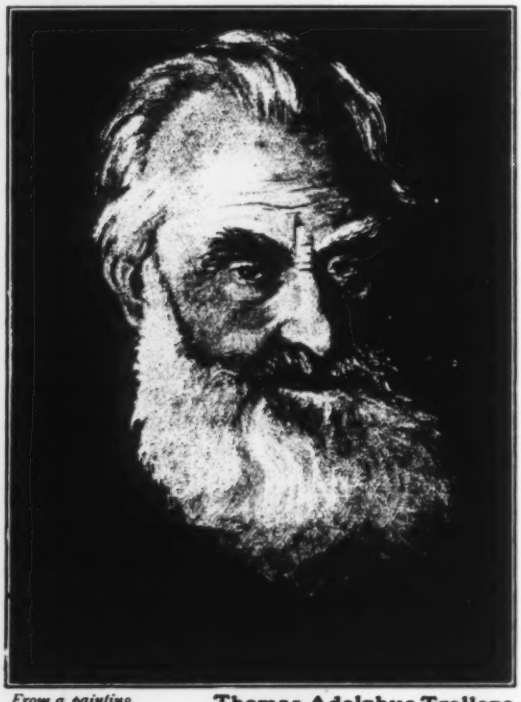
"'You do want another hat badly,' my maid said just now. I turned and looked with the pride of possession at the whole shelf-full of new-old books.

"'Give me the volume of Lydgate's poems. It is almost the last of that row,' I said, pointing to the new-old books.

"'You do want another hat badly, m'm,' my maid repeated, in the belief that I had not heard the words of her complaint.

"'And give me also the three volumes next to Lydgate,' I said, feeling, at the moment, that if my hat fell to pieces, I could content myself with a home-made cowl. Richard de Bury, your influence has stretched far."

The main difficulty for a London bookbuyer is the problem of finding room for his books. Ordinary houses in London are not built with libraries. I have known bookbuyers who used billiard-rooms as libraries, and no doubt you can get into a billiard-room a moderate



From a painting by Maria Taylor.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope, brother of the novelist.

collection. The best way, if you can afford it, is to take a house and build a library according to your tastes and needs. But there is no difficulty in placing an ordinary library even in a small house, because all you have to do is to scatter the books well. It is an excellent plan to have a book-room, used only for the piling up of books, and not employed as a sitting-room. In a very small room, well known to me, an old book-buyer accumulated 11,000 volumes. He had his book-cases round the walls. There was no fireplace. Then he erected double cases, with passages, in the inner part of the room. Of course he arranged it so that you could move between the book-cases, but then he had the advantage of a double book-case. One set faced the wall all round, and the rest faced each other. It is astonishing how many books you can get into a double book-case. Then there was no table, but every nook and cranny was utilised for books. The arrangement answered very well, but one was sometimes in great danger of bringing a book-case down upon his head. This did not happen. Attics can be turned to great account in this way.

But I own there is a difficulty in finding room for sets or long runs of periodicals. To a journalist these are simply invaluable. If you have at the top of your house a long attic, be thankful, for the way to use it is to fill it with these precious things. But I have no long attic, indeed no attics at all, and so I have to do the best I can, and am sometimes perplexed. Nevertheless I cannot risk a good run of a periodical worth while. I did hesitate over the suggestion of Mr. Higham, of Farringdon Street, that I should buy twenty-two volumes of Theodore Hook's *John Bull* for two guineas, not on account of the price, but because I did not know where to put them. However, they are here, and I promise myself much pleasure and instruction in a leisurely examination of them. Old periodicals are the best reading at times when you are thoroughly tired, and hardly able to follow anything consecutively.

What struck me at once, in looking at *John Bull*, was the fact that it was thoroughly edited. A badly edited weekly or monthly can be detected at once. Whenever you see paragraphs that are not re-written, long extracts, fill-ups, you know that there is something wrong. I turned to Lockhart's admirable article on Theodore Hook in the *Quarterly Review* for May 1843, and was delighted to find that he had made the same observation. Lockhart says: "In addition to its wit, its humour, its blazing audacity of invective, its curious delicacy of persiflage, its strong caustic satire, and its keen dissections of evidence, the paper at first, and for a considerable time even, was remarkable as a specimen of dexterous getting up; most carefully edited throughout—no department neglected. No wonder that it almost instantly reached and long maintained a very great circulation." The sensation made by *John Bull* was unprecedented. Lockhart says: "The explosion scattered brilliant terror far and wide. No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever has in our time, at least, produced such a startling sensation. It told at once, from the convulsed centre to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort apparently that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seems as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision. But, as far as Hook's manuscripts allow us to judge, he was really and truly alone."

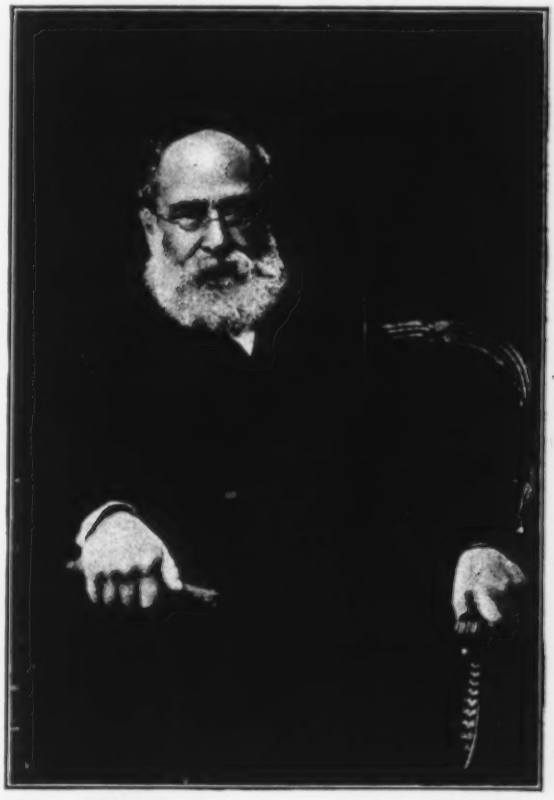


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Anthony Trollope.**

A great but vain attempt was made to keep Hook's name concealed. When the fact leaked out, Theodore wrote a disclaimer in the paper, which was certainly framed with consummate coolness. Here it is:

"MR. THEODORE HOOK.

"The conceit of some people is amusing. Our readers will see we have received a letter from *Mr. Hook* disavowing and disclaiming all connexion with this paper. Partly out of good nature and partly from an anxiety to show this gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which doubtless will be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business: the first, that anything we have thought worth publishing should have been mistaken for *Mr. Hook's*, and secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connexion with JOHN BULL."

As a specimen of the political manners of the time I take an article on Joseph Hume which appeared in *John Bull* on March 11, 1822. The charge was that Joseph, who was a surgeon, actually dissected his own brother, whether from economy or from fraternal feeling that no stranger should apply the dissecting-knife when he could do it himself. This is Theodore's comment, reproduced exactly with italics and capitals :

"Conscientiously and seriously, having, as we said before, a sovereign contempt for MR. HUME'S intellect, we do think that it is his *bounden duty to disavow this act*, with which he stands thus publicly charged.

"We honestly declare again that we DO NOT BELIEVE IT—believe it—who can ? *Is* there, *could* there be a wretch so callous to every feeling of our nature as to mangle the carcase of a dead brother ? It is impossible—but there *are* people who *may* give credence to the atrocity ; and therefore, we say, that to such a charge, MR. HUME *should make a reply*.

"It may seem strange that WE, feeling as we generally do with respect to MR. HUME, should have interested ourselves to clear up this particular point ; but it is as a MAN and a HUMAN BEING that we laugh at MR. HUME. Could we suppose *this* to be true, our opposition to him on *those grounds* must cease. We could not descend to treat the DISSECTOR OF HIS OWN BROTHER AS A FELLOW CREATURE.

This story is not referred to in the article on Hume published in the "Dictionary of National Biography," but it is true that Hume in his youth was a surgeon, and acted as such in the sea-service of the East India Company.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

THE MISSION OF M. RENÉ BAZIN.

BY BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH.

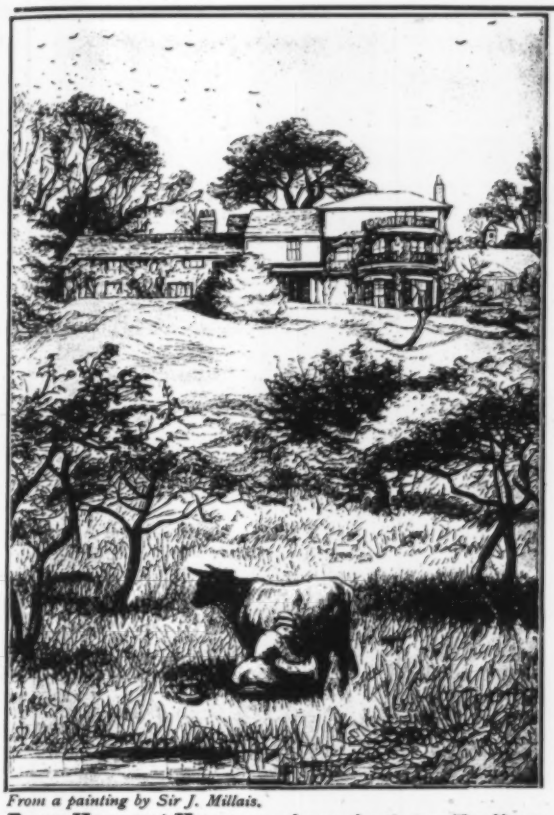
THE immense success of M. René Bazin's new novel, "Le Blé qui Lève," is the present literary event in Paris and significant of more. The new Academician, author of "La Terre qui Meurt," has always joined to a perfect art of story a deep faith in national character and tradition. The interest of the novels of country life which have placed him in the forefront of all modern impressionists, centres in the struggle of this old native character to assert itself against change. A master in landscape painting, he fixes that landscape in our minds as the horizon of human emotion. The humours, the tempers, the qualities of those who, in his estimation, are the backbone of the nation, landowner, farmer, labourer, and shopkeeper, linked together by the land, and by a silent converse of deeds not words,—which appear little in newspapers,—all that makes efficacious characters of its men and its women, are his theme. In "Le Blé qui Lève" M. René Bazin has more boldly asserted than before that this character is bound up with the old faith. The hearing, the response given to him, is to be weighed, therefore, against the pale incertitude of which we hear so much in Paris to-day.

It will be said that in the city of surprises and novelties the scientists of yesterday are the mystics of to-day, and idealism is now the fashion, *i.e.* a good deal of haziness presented to us with a grain of incense to make us forget our dreary creed. But M. René Bazin's work does not emanate from this undecided intellectual atmosphere. He is no mystic of this sort. The moral struggle of a poor man is his theme in the new story. The author has the boldness to assert that the moral struggle must go on, whilst every one is telling the poor man that he may be excused from it in the pressure of the material struggle. The era of universal rationalism whch promised to develop his character,—for cheerful endurance, for common sense, and for a love of ideas, manifest through all excesses in revolutions, —has not fulfilled this promise. Is this character even maintained ? Presenting us with a wide prospect of farms and high-woods, in "Le Blé qui Lève" M. René Bazin affirms that it is in danger of being lost from the pressure of the material struggle.

"Ils n'ont pas de quoi vivre."

This sentence thrice spoken at successive crises by Gilbert Cloquet, the observant peasant—who is the hero—sums up the plea for the labourer, and his protest against atheism. The moral substance of the workman is wasted whilst his leaders in town and country fight for his right to the enjoyments of life. He may get them by an expanded Liberal or Socialistic programme, but beware of losing the spiritual sustenance ! It is the spring of pleasure and peace. It must form character, and precede enjoyment, not follow it. In "De Toute son Âme" and in "L'Isolée," M. René Bazin has affirmed that France will be saved yet by its working women. The woman-worshipping nation is not likely to leave them out. But in the new novel the "face that tells a story," and "like to the story of the heavens," is not the charm, as in "De Toute son Âme," a narrative of manufacturing life. In "Le Blé qui Lève" the author seems rather to express that the love of woman is not the chief interest in life.

Before we come to the art of René Bazin, a few words about the man. He was in England the other day, and was speaking of his literary commencements and of his country, the department of Maine-et-Loire and the neighbourhood of Angers. M. René Bazin still occupies a Professorial Chair at the University of Angers, and thus spends six months of the year in his own country amid all his old associations. He has a country house



From a painting by Sir J. Millais.

Farm House at Harrow where Anthony Trollope spent his youth and in which he resided with his parents when attending the School."

39, Montague Square, Anthony Trollope's residence, from 1873 till his death in 1882.

Anthony Trollope's House at Waltham Cross, occupied by him for twelve years during a period of great prosperity, 1859—1871.

near the Loire. It is the kindly country bordering on Brittany, which shared all its struggle in the great Revolution. We call it La Vendée still; the fighters called it "Le Bocage." An ancestor of M. René Bazin fought in the same cause under the leadership of Charette. The portrait of this ancestor, who has an Angevin face—very characteristic of the race, M. René Bazin has said—hangs in his house. Near it on an easel is a portrait of the author. The landscape of "La Terre qui Meurt" forms the background. It is the country of water-ways and rich farms, where every farm has its punt, and farm produce is often propelled to market with the punt-pole. The portrait describes the author well, a small, well-proportioned Frenchman, who, perfect man of letters as he is, must look at home on farm or forest land. A great gentleness speaks of his receptivity in nature.

Meanwhile he speaks of the literary life in Paris, and the work done there which brought him to his Academical chair. His first publication was verse; but a volume of poems was followed by "La Tâche d'Encre,"—a medley of young humours about the *bouquins* of the old arcades of the Odeon—do they still exist? — and old folios in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

This book, introduced to English readers by Mr. Edmund Gosse, showed that the writer's proper element was prose. A greater discovery was that he was a master of landscape, the soul of landscape framing man and society. In "La Terre qui Meurt" he first struck the note which our own Thomas Hardy has moved us with —the contrast of old and new on the land, the village humours and survivals of good traditions, as much part of the scenery as the thatch or the bridge of primeval times. The perfect *vraisemblance* of the scenes of "La Terre qui Meurt"—such as that of the return of the soldier to his home, to be vexed that his brother no longer helps the farmer, but has turned waiter in Angers—took the place of all moralising. They filled the reader with the pathos of the deserted land.

But to return to M. René Bazin's presence amongst as. His conversation is full of the problems of to-day, but he does not speak controversially. "France, such as you know it to be, against all present appearances," is his theme, France of "Les Bonnes Gens," which produces silently wonders of self-sacrifice in its crises. And he is full of instances, and they are summed up with "La France renaitra." When the separation of Church and State took place—to the astonishment of literary people, who found that this decision of the Government corresponded to nothing particularly French—M. René Bazin never let himself be identified with the Royalists of the upper classes. His appeal was to the common sense of France in a volume of social essays entitled "Questions Sociales et Littéraires" (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 3 f. 50 c.). He was less belligerent than his great friend Brunetière in defence of the Catholic Church and national principles. He very simply bade his own side give up dynasties and maintain their noble ideals. Again, as a novelist he seems to us to appeal to a less controversial public than our own English interpreter of the country and its traditions, Thomas Hardy. For all his "native wood-note wild" Mr. Hardy writes for a highly cultivated cosmopolitan audience. M. René Bazin appeals to the common intelligence, the common heart of France.

To come to "Le Blé qui Lève." Here is the description of the hero, Gilbert Cloquet:

> "The man was felling an ancient oak. He struck obliquely. The axe sank in deeper at every stroke, and now and then let fly a big splinter—moist and white as a slice of bread—and swung high to fall again. The steel shone, wetted by the living sap. The body of the labourer followed the motions of the axe, the whole tree shuddered to its tenderest root in the depth of the ground. A shirt, worn trousers glued to the legs by sweat, defined the man's form. Deeps of shadow hid a pair of light eyes: their orbits were sunken as it were wounds of the heart. Two hollows, two thumb-marks, were placed by another sculptor beneath the cheek-bones. They expressed, 'This one, through long harvest-time, through days of forest-clearing, modelled his own body, melted his own fat.' The lean neck said, 'The wind warped the sap-wood and left only dry wood.' His hands, bundles of veins and tendons and dry muscle, awkward at small jobs and mighty for arduous labour, said, 'A whole lifetime of hardihood and endurance expresses itself in us; we are witnesses that life was hard, and that it returned good measure and full for tasks appointed.'"

The land is a less kindly soil and belongs to a more rebellious race than that depicted in the novels of Western France. The author has found his scenes in a "pays de grève et de révolte," the department of Le Nièvre, in the centre of France. Gilbert Cloquet is the leader of a strike of wood-cutters on the estate of Michel de Maximien, the last of an ancient family. His father is a general, devoted only to the Army. Michel works hard to keep the inheritance of his ancestors together. Gilbert and all the other labourers treat him with contempt, but Gilbert himself soon suffers hatred for taking a job within the syndicate's rules, but outside a mean squabble with the master. He is almost murdered, but recovers with broken bones to explain to the new leader, who has supplanted him, that their pals are ignorant. "They've nothing to live by," he said.

"Ils n'ont pas de quoi vivre."

"Indeed," said the leader, "they need more."

But Gilbert, in his illness, is thinking that it is moral substance that they lack. They live by bread alone, and are the victims of a bewildering system which encourages them to disobey their rule of brotherhood. But he attempts no explanation. He would not have been understood.

Gilbert toils for a daughter. He has all the modern ideas of marriage, and only one child, his only delight after his wife's death. She is of the new sort, without domestic habits. She marries a *gâcheur*. Gilbert supports them but insists, at least, on honesty. They

run away from him. In isolation, Gilbert once more formulates the ground of all this misery. The couple have "nothing to live by." A recreative view of life alone is possible to them. In his loneliness he too becomes nomadic. We wander with him in the horizons and landscapes of bullock graziers in the centre of France. Here Mr. Hardy might envy him the bovineness and utter rusticity of the setting, and the incident, too, of a fleeting passion for the farmer's wife, bitterly ending in self-absurdity after a wrestling scene with young men in a barn. A butcher from Belgium, with whom the farmer has dealings, happens to tramp with Gilbert over the borders of Picardy and Belgium. Gilbert stumbles upon a retreat for working-men in a Belgian religious house. Here, you will say, is your grain of incense or fashionable mysticism of to-day, but all is realistically described from the point of view of the working men assembled. Brotherhood in suffering is the chief lesson of the priests who lead the Retreat, and their own sacrifice is the only point of attraction for Gilbert, who is frankly bored. But this brotherhood leads to his remaining, and with a quiet time of thought he once more, to his own surprise, makes the discovery that *he*, too—once so full of the idea of progress—is denuded of all moral subsistence, and that for all his syndicates he stands quite alone, deprived of his spiritual inheritance by which men and women have lived and worked in brotherhood. He is converted.

"Je n'avais pas de quoi vivre."

Such is his explanation to the farmer whose employ he left, and to whom he returned for daily work. The farmer did not understand him; but the farmer's wife, who marked Gilbert's suffering, knew that he spoke of something more than daily bread.

The chain of incident, which we have no space for, is excellent as illustrating the main plea of the story. It is always so in M. René Bazin's novels. That of "Le Blé qui Lève" is the land; that of "Les Oberlé" the national passion in Alsace. This novel, which we must mention before concluding, has been very successful as a play. And this alone would show how well-knit and dramatic are the writer's plots, whilst the country and its description seems to bear the chief expense in attracting. We think, however, that thrilling as "Les Oberlé" is as a play, the pathos of the Alsatian frontier story is in the topography of its wild hill-sides and forests, where, as we wander with M. René Bazin, the foot strays sometimes in Germany, and sometimes in France, with a vision of its sunlit, spacious harvests, its persevering country folk, its dowry of frank manners and free converse when heart speaks with heart.

LEIGH HUNT'S FIRST AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By William E. A. Axon.

THE "Autobiography" of Leigh Hunt is a book dear to the lover of literature, for its kindly spirit, and for its glimpses of famous men, as well as for the mingled frankness and reticence with which it tells the story of a long and notable life. It appeared in 1850, and again in a revised form in 1859. An excellent edition, annotated by Mr. Roger Ingpen, was published in 1903.

This book was not, however, Leigh Hunt's first effort at his own biography. Thomas Hill, a Lancashire man, who had settled in London, was the proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, and at one of his "Sydenham Sundays," parties at his suburban residence, Hunt met Edward Du Bois, the editor of that periodical, who had a high reputation as a wit and scholar. The *Mirror* paid great attention to theatrical matters; and Leigh Hunt had made himself known, and feared, by the honesty and, when necessary, the severity of his dramatic critiques in the *News* and the *Examiner*. Hill, who was always regarded as the original of "Paul Pry," was a book collector, and his library was so remarkable that the mere catalogue makes it difficult to understand Reading's statement that he had "no literary tastes and acquirements." The Sydenham parties were famous in their time; Thomas Campbell, James and Horace Smith, Theodore Hook and Charles Matthews were of that merry company. One of the features of each number of the *Monthly Mirror* was a portrait and memoir of some person who stood more or less in the public eye. The part for April, 1810, has a portrait of Leigh Hunt, a portrait of which his son has spoken in disparaging terms. The force of his criticism is somewhat blunted by the fact that he confuses it with the still earlier one which appears in the "Juvenilia." Mr. Ingpen can only say that Jackson's portrait was executed "before 1821," but the old magazine gives us a more precise date. Instead of a memoir in the third person, the portrait is accompanied by a characteristic letter, in which Leigh Hunt gives some account of his life, and of his aims and ideals as a dramatic critic and journalist. He speaks with warm affection of his mother: "At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter the loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones, to animate me in the love of truth." He refers in judicious terms to the "Juvenilia," the volume of his boyish verse issued by his father in a somewhat foolish fashion. In 1805 he became a member of the Civil Service, but his criticism of the Government led to hints which ended in his resignation of a position that could never have been congenial.

Leigh Hunt at this time had enemies in two distinct classes: the Tories of his day and the feeble dramatists, whose plays he had helped to damn. To these he alludes in the following passage:—

"I find I have been getting serious on this magnificent subject; but a man's muscles unconsciously return to their gravity when employed in talking of his own affairs, and few persons have enjoyed a more effectual round of flatteries than myself, who have been abused and vilified by every publication that has had the least pretension to infamy; not to mention the grateful things said of me by the writers of 'comedy,' to whom I have been teaching grammar any time these six years—or the epithets lavished upon my head by our prepossessing Attorney-General, who has twice brought me into court as 'a malicious and ill-disposed person,' purely to show that he could not prove his accusation. It is in vain, however, that I write as clearly as I can for the comprehension of the ministerialists; nothing can persuade them or their writers, that all I desire is an honest reputation on my own part, and a little sense and decency on theirs. It is to no purpose that I have preserved a singleness of conduct, and even kept myself studiously aloof from public men whom I admire, in order to write at all times just what I think. The corruptionists will have it, that I am a turbulent demagogue, a factious, ferocious, and diabolical republican, a wretch who 'horrifies the pure and amiable nature' of royal personages, a plotter with Cobbett, whom I never saw in my life, and an instrument of the designs of Horne Tooke, whom I never wish to see. It is equally in vain that I have taken such pains to secure the gratitude of the dramatists. I understand, they never could be brought to regard me in the proper light; and a variety of criticisms, as well as the reports of my 'good-natured friends,' have conveyed to me, at divers times, the most positive assurances that I was an uninformed, an unwarrantable, and an unfeeling critic—a malignant critic—a bad critic—no critic at all—nay, a black-hearted being who delighted in tormenting—a sort of critical Rhynwick Williams, who went about slashing in the dark—and, in fine—what I must confess I really was, at one period of my life—a boy."

Whilst defending the severity of his criticism, he says he might have challenged his opponents to produce a single passage containing "any personal attack on the deformities, morals or hearts" of those whom he criticised.

Leigh Hunt concludes with an admirable statement of the duty of the critical writer:

"But as criticism is not to invade the privacies of men, so private considerations are never to issue out upon and obstruct public criticism; still less are they to be sacred in the defence of political character, when they are so continually brought into play by the politicians themselves, and elevated to the room and to the rank of public virtue. As I began, therefore, I shall proceed. I am not conscious of ever having given praise for policy's sake, or blame for malignity's; and I never will. A strict adherence to truth, and a recurrence to first principles, are the only things calculated to bring back the happier times of our literature and constitution; and however humble as an individual, I have found myself formidable as a lover of truth, and shall never cease to exert myself in its cause, as long as the sensible will endure my writings, and the honest appreciate my intentions."

The Tory Ministry, who had twice tried in vain to secure the conviction of the Hunts, were at last successful, and in 1812 Leigh Hunt and his brother John were each condemned to two years' imprisonment for having told some undeniable truths about the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. In reply to the balderdash of a Court scribe, who had described him as an "Adonis of loveliness" and a "breather of eloquence," Leigh Hunt wrote that the Prince was a "corpulent man of fifty. In short, this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true and immortal prince was a violater of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity." These plain, hard truths ought to have come from the lips of a prelate—but did not.

New Books.

FACTORS IN MODERN HISTORY.*

It is often said of the historical productions of the greatest of modern historians, such as Stubbs, Gardiner, Bury, Liebermann, Legrelle, Bémont and Sorel, that in their works history has killed the historian. This is certainly not the case with Professor Pollard, in whose work personality, sardonic epigram, and the prominence given to general ideas in envisaging history are everywhere apparent. His new book on "Factors in Modern History" is essentially the manifesto of a practical teacher. It is not directed to the post-graduate or independent research department, but is devoted expressly to generating an historical point of view in historical students and teachers. It is, probably, the best stimulant of this kind that has appeared since Seeley's "Expansion of England." For it places the experience of a mature student at the disposal of those who in order to vitalise the study of history for their own use or that of their pupils are themselves bound in turn to fabricate hypotheses, and to illustrate the interminable conflicts of the past by a lively application of the facts and perplexities of the present.

For young students of history of university age the advantage of such a stimulant as this book affords is simply incalculable, for it makes the past palpitate with life and meaning. It simplifies to the extent of making the broad currents of history easy and intelligible, it theorises in such a way as to make the hard facts interesting, and it illustrates in such a way as to flatter the perception of the average reader. It is so easy to get confused and to capsize helplessly under the top-hamper of modern historical research, that one cannot fail to be grateful for these vigorous tracings of a working route, even where we are most hesitant as to their positive accuracy. Mr. Pollard, to be short, has a way of putting things to serve as a working hypothesis which is often of more importance than any amount of precise deduction (and accurate qualification) from ascertained facts.

The bases of modern history are just admirably outlined in the chapters on the advent of the middle class and of national sentiment. We are shown, as it were, in a series of rapid cartoons, how the ecumenical machinery of the world had grown rusty, and how national machinery was taking its place. The Pope's attempts to balk the conciliar movement by pitting the new nationalities one against the other, is compared effectively to James II.'s futile spite when he hoped to make legal reform impossible by jettisoning the Great Seal in mid-Thames. The growth of nationality and its independence of race is sketched with equal ingenuity and suggestiveness. The fatuity of the English Church's claim to a continuous and independent historical position is "rubbed in" with what seems an almost malicious gusto. It might have been supposed that the *dégringolade* of Papal domination would have freed the English Church from its old fetters. Nothing was further from Henry's ideas. Supremacy was simply taken from the Pope and given to the King.

"This truth is wormwood and gall to many of us to-day with our belief in religious freedom; and criticism of the Reformation is directed, not so much at what was done as the way in which it was done. The Church in England, it is said, should have been liberated from Rome and then left to work out her own salvation. That was not a solution which occurred to any one then, and it was not practical politics. The strife was not between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, but between the universal Church and the national State as it had been throughout the Middle Ages. These were the only two recognised authorities, the only powers capable of carrying out the Reformation. All ecclesiastical powers were in theory derived from the Papacy; the Archbishop exercised jurisdiction, but only as *legatus natus* of the Pope. Wolsey tried to reform monasteries, but only as Papal legate; they were agents of the Pope, and an agent is bound by his master's will. When they act against it, they are acting ultra vires. Now the Papacy had refused to reform: General Councils had tried in the fifteenth century, and had failed. The work was left to the national State, which could act on its own authority. Hence Parliament and not Convocation is the instrument of reform: the measures of the Reformation are not Canon Laws, but Parliamentary statutes. The Book of Common Prayer itself is legally a schedule of an Act of Parliament. It cannot be altered by Convocation; it can by Act of Parliament."

To whomsoever these truths may be gall and wormwood, we cannot help doubting very much if they distress, or have ever distressed, Professor Pollard very acutely. The chapter on Parliament, and the way in which the Tudors played upon it as a pipe, and the failure of the Stuarts to extract any harmony from it whatever, is signally demonstrated in another chapter. In the chapter on Henry VIII. the author funnily confesses himself amazed at Henry's moderation. "Even in the matter of wives," says he, "Henry only beheaded two out of six." The fatal thirty-three and a third per cent. is evidently regarded by this veteran examiner as a contemptible ratio. He says with truth, however, that "when you worship a man like a god, you are doing your best to make him a devil." The chapter on Social Revolution is excellent again, though the author, perhaps, slightly exaggerates the effects of the peasants' revolt upon the status of the labourer. Chapter seven deals broadly with seventeenth-century conceptions and theories of sovereignty. The one that follows explains how England became Erastian, while Scotland became theocratic, and gives an opening for some characteristic *mots* about the northern half of Britain. "Independence offers as few attractions to the Scots as the Zionist ideal does to most of the Jews; for it is poor sport ruling and financing yourselves when you can rule and finance other people." Colonial Expansion is the subject of chapter ten, while nine and eleven deal with the more technical themes of the Cromwellian Constitutions and the renaissance of the study of history, more especially in connection with the University of London. There is a smart breeze of mental life and activity through the whole book, which is as companionable in form as in content, and has that rare prelude, a first-rate table of contents.

We notice that the author of these "Factors" is the addressee of an "Epistle Dedicatory," couched in very flattering terms, by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and prefixed to the second volume of his "Introductory History of England,"* which carries on the story from the accession of Henry VII. to the Restoration of Charles II. This second volume is marked by the same general characteristics as the first. It contains a narrative well supported by picturesque detail, and conceived and built up in a fresh and highly diverting manner, with side chapters on social types, such as the Elizabethan squire and typical justice of peace during the troublous period of the civil war. Mr. Fletcher will have to show rather more energy in subordinating his detail to the main design, however, or his third volume will be overwhelmingly long. The present one runs to between five and six hundred closely printed pages.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "Factors in Modern History." By A. F. Pollard. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO.†

Byron's contention that "flesh and blood that's real," is vastly preferable, both on artistic and on actual grounds, to the "nonsense of a stone ideal," holds good on other counts than that of statuary. It holds good, for instance, in literature. Here is a book, "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," written by Colonel J. H. Patterson. We have it on the high authority of Earl Roberts and of Lord Kitchener, who mentioned him three or four times in their dispatches, that he is a fine soldier. The bridge over the Tsavo, some hundred and thirty miles from Mombasa, attests to his really wonderful feats in engineering. The eland which bears his name, and is now housed at the Natural History Museum, is but one proof amongst many of his work as a naturalist. But never until now has he appeared in the guise of author, and, before the book's publication, certain doubts were raised as to whether a man untrained to narration were not tempting his first failure in endeavouring to put some of his African experiences upon paper.

* "An Introductory History of England." Vol. II. (1485-1660.) With maps. 5s. (Murray.)

† "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo." By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

"The Man-Eaters of Tsavo" is now to hand, and the doubts have vanished. There is nothing "ideal" about the writing, and indeed one suspects that, were it not for a hampering modesty, many a story would gain by fuller detail. But the "flesh and blood that's real" palpitate and throb throughout this entrancing volume. For these are things the man has done, not sat in a back-garden to imagine. These are things which are worth a man's doing. He knows what it is to stand staring into the eyes of the man-eater whose horrid list of victims was already sickeningly long, and to lose, in the overmastering lust of conquest, all sense of the sub-conscious wonderment as to which life would pay the forfeit. He knows what it is at this crucial moment to have his rifle (a borrowed weapon) fail him. And we, too, hot on his heels, *we know also*. For those of us whose lines are cast in smoother and far duller places, it is something to have a new sensation at last!

When in the autumn of 1899, Colonel Patterson quitted Nairobi, of which he is practically the creator, some four hundred well-nigh naked savages volunteered to come to England with him as his personal bodyguard. It is with the manners and customs of these various peoples that the latter half of the book deals, and, although less exciting, it is every whit as interesting. COULSON KERNAHAN.

A BOOK OF SAINTS AND WONDERS.*

Lady Gregory's new book is a string of translations from Irish legends, many of them ancient, all of them of one spirit, and most of them taken from Irish texts in the *Revue Celtique*, etc. They are divided under six heads: "Brigit, the Mary of the Gael," "Columcille, the Friend of the Angels of God," "Blessed Patrick of the Bells," "The Voyage of Maeldune," "Great Wonders of the Olden Time," and "The Voyage of Brendan"; and they are, we think, richer in surprising and beautiful things than any other of her books. They cannot but make the reader wonder how different the fruits of the romantic revival might have been had these legends been known, and whether they are not, with others of their kind, even now capable of bearing noble fruit in literature.

The only way of doing some sort of justice to the book is to quote. "Christ," said Brigit, "is in the body of every poor man." "Every sound man is a king," said a leper whom she healed. "Did I say more prayers than the rest?" says an old woman who had been singularly blessed by the saint: "Not a prayer. I was young in those days. I suppose she took a liking to me, maybe because of my name being Brigit the same as her own." St. Columcille's cook was a good man; when the saint demanded nettle broth, and nothing else, as his food, the cook used to pour the juice of meat into it, so that it "kept a good appearance on Columcille." Caoilte praises Finn by saying, "If the brown leaves falling in the woods were gold, if the waves of the sea were silver, Finn would have given away the whole of it." St. Patrick asked the angels whether there was any harm in the old heathen tales, and they told him: "Whatever they tell, let you write it down on poet's boards and in the words of poets, for it will be a diversion to the companies and the high people of the latter times to be listening to them." One of the singers of these old tales asked two rewards of Patrick, who answered, "I give you heaven, and I give this to your art, it to be one of the three arts by which a man can find profit to the last in Ireland." Patrick once saw the soul of a dead man return thrice to the body to kiss it, and on asking the Saviour why it did that, he learnt: "That soul was sorry to part from the body because it had kept it so clean and so honest." King Conchubar was so angry when he heard of the death of Christ, so remorseful that Christ had not "called out for the help of a High King," that an old wound burst in his head and he died of it. Guaire, though not a saint, gave alms for so long that "his right arm grew to be longer than the left, with the dint of stretching it out to the poor." The book that contains these things is a sacred book.

But for nothing is it more remarkable than for the affectionate mention of animals. A world that had been brought up on Blake's "Auguries of Innocence" could not have had better dealings with animals, birds, fish, and trees. Brigit's only food in her youth was the milk of "a white red-eared cow, that was set apart for her by a druid," and it was her peculiar glory that the beasts of the sea gave her more honour than to the rest of the saints. When Columcille was in Iona, he sent one of the brethren down to the shore to greet "a stranger, a crane from the north part of Ireland, that has been driven here and there by winds, and it will lie down on the strand tired and worn out"; and they tended it three days, then it flew back "to the pleasant part of Ireland it came from." "The Gael are more to me than all the rest of the men of the world," said the saint; but it was not only because the crane was Irish that it earned his love. He loved his own place of Doire not least because "quite full of white angels is every leaf of the oaks of Doire," and when he was in Scotland he said: "Though there is fear on me of death and of hell, I will not hide it that I have more fear of the sound of an axe over in Doire." His praise of Doire is fit to rank with Howel ab Owain's praise of Wales. When he praises Ireland, he mentions the music of the swans, of the gulls, "the laughter of the blackbird clapping his wings" (a delicate touch), and the cry of the cuckoo. So when he came to die:

> "Then came to him the old spent white horse that used to be carrying the milk vessels from the cowshed in the island to the brothers, and it cried tears into his breast until his clothes were wet. And Diarmuid, his servant, would have driven the old horse away, but Columcille said, 'Leave him, Diarmuid, till he cries his fill, keening for me, for you are a man having reason,' he said, 'and you know nothing of the time of my death, but what I myself have told you. But as to this beast that is without reason, God himself has made known to it in some way that its master is going to leave it.' And he gave his blessing to the horse then, and it went away very sorrowful."

When Patrick was made a bishop, three choirs sang: The quire of the people of heaven, the quire of the Romans, and the quire of the children of the Wood of Fochlad. His church at Ardmacha was built in the place where he rescued a fawn from the hands of his people.

The "first scholar and the first monk" that St. Ciaran had was a wild boar; a badger also was among his monks. When a fox gnawed the leather of his brogues, he rebuked it, saying that there was food and water for all: "But if your nature told you it was better for you to use flesh, God would have made it for you from the bark of those trees that are about you."

There was a priest who was carrying the Body of Christ, but laid it down to gather a swarm of bees; and the bees left him after a time, and found the Blessed Body, and made for it a good chapel, an altar, a chalice, and a pair of priests, "shaping them well out of wax to stand before Christ's Body."

One of the "wonders of the olden time" is a story of transformations, of how Tuan, the son of Cairell, was a stag, a boar, a hawk, and a salmon. There is nothing unusual in these transformations, but there is in the man's comments; for when he was a stag he was "young and glad in his mind"; "young and glad" also as a boar, "king of the boar-herds of Ireland"; and as a great hawk he was glad again, and "I was able," he said, "to do everything: and I said to myself that dearer to me every day was God, the friend who had shaped me"; as a salmon, "It is well content I was then, and strong and well nourished, and it is good my swimming was."

One of the prettiest of the tales is of a bird-keeping boy and the birds. He grew very tired of driving the birds from the corn, yet feared to sleep, lest the farmer should beat him. So he prayed to S. Colman, and the saint called the birds into a barn, and kept them there while the boy slept. There is a parallel to this in the nursery rhyme:

> "Now all you little blacky tops,
> Pray don't you eat my father's crops
> While I lie down and take a nap."

But the rhyme ends with never a saint.

Saint Mochae the Beautiful was once collecting wood for the building of a church when he heard songs from a little bird from heaven, and he stopped to hear them, with the rods in his hands, until a hundred and fifty years had passed like an hour in the middle of the wood.

* "A Book of Saints and Wonders, put down here by Lady Gregory according to the old writing and the memory of the people of Ireland." 5s. net. (London: Murray.)

There was a miller's son in Connacht who used to read "a very large book he himself had written in Irish and in Latin" to a flock of sheep and lambs, and he used to say to them:

"Listen to me, you that are without sin. You are under the care of God, and there is grass growing for you and herbs, and there are nice white dresses upon you to keep you dry and warm; and there is no judgment upon you after your death, and you are happier by far than the children of Eve."

A great shining ram watched over him in his sleep.

Some birds, it is said in one story, fell from heaven with Lucifer; "and because our offence was but a little one, our Lord has put us here in great joy and merriment to serve what way we can upon that tree."

A fine book, and it could only have come out of Ireland.

THE TENDER HOOD.*

That a grandson of Douglas Jerrold should write a "Life" of Thomas Hood is, in the nature of things, eminently fitting and commendable; every one who is conservative enough to enjoy the perpetuation of old associations will appreciate the propriety. And all those who like to see good, sound work properly recognised will be glad that Mr. Walter Jerrold should have been given this opportunity of publishing what will certainly remain to be regarded as the best-informed, most painstaking, and most accurate biography of Hood—*the* book to be consulted upon all questions of fact and date. It was only right that Mr. Jerrold should be given this chance. Nowadays, in the absolute avalanche of reprints, it not infrequently happens that a great deal of invaluable work may be stowed away in a new edition which gets very sparingly noticed by the critics. And Mr. Jerrold's edition of Hood, published by the Oxford Press, has, perhaps, had insufficient justice done to it; few reviewers seem to have taken the trouble to find out how much research and judgment must have gone to its preparation. If the publication of this full and bulky biography draws general attention to Mr. Jerrold's labours on Hood's behalf, it will serve a double purpose by bringing readers to "the witty and the tender Hood" himself, and by doing so through the medium of an edition that deserves to take its place permanently as standard and definitive. Henceforth Mr. Walter Jerrold's name must always be associated with that of Thomas Hood.

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Thomas Hood.

The biography which completes Mr. Jerrold's work upon Hood will please all, without (in all probability) satisfying any one. We have said that it will always remain the "Life" to be consulted upon all details of fact and date, and there can be no question of the conscientious care and discrimination which Mr. Jerrold has bestowed upon his task. He has cleared up a good many points, and corrected several misapprehensions. Some of these are of little importance, but every one will be glad that Mr. Jerrold has exploded the fallacy, preserved even in Ainger's introduction to the Humorous Poems, that Hood married Jane Reynolds against the wishes of her family. The marriage was so completely happy that it is a satisfaction to have it cleared of even a passing shadow. Mr. Jerrold, moreover, prints any quantity of interesting correspondence, and gives a particularly full account of Hood's years abroad, when with almost quixotic chivalry he was ready to sacrifice his own domestic peace in the hope of satisfying his creditors. In all these respects Mr. Jerrold collects material of the utmost biographical importance, and throws suggestive side-lights upon incidents in Hood's life which were hitherto obscure, or at least shadowy. He seems to have spared no pains in ransacking old shelves and forgotten files in search of any new fact, however insignificant.

What right, then, has any reviewer to say that such a volume will in all probability fail to satisfy any one quite completely? It hardly seems just; it certainly does not seem generous; and yet it is impossible to doubt that it is true. One cannot resist the impression, forced upon one's unwilling judgment in almost every chapter, that with so much good material to his hand Mr. Jerrold ought to have produced a more creative, more impressionable monograph. Somehow or other he seems afraid to let himself go; he cites his authorities, and arrays his evidence, but does not re-create his subject out of his own critical imagination. We learn more than we knew before of what Hood did and said, but of what precisely Hood *was*—what was the nature of the man below the surface—of that we learn very little. After all, a man's life does not consist of its incidents, but of what the man makes of the incidents, and what the incidents make of the man. It is out of such studies as these that a really inspired biographer builds up a character, and such studies do not seem to have entered into Mr. Jerrold's calculations. He has given us a most elaborate and articulated skeleton, but the body still waits for the breath of life to animate it.

One says this regretfully, and because one believes it to be true; and yet, in turning over the pages again, the imagination seems to kindle itself, and Hood comes back to us in all the pathos of his own experience. He is the type, surely, the immemorial type of the sacrifice which life is apt to demand of the artist, when in order to keep pace with the struggle for existence a man finds himself forced

* "Thomas Hood: His Life and Times." By Walter Jerrold. 16*s.* net. (Alston Rivers.)

to wear out his days in doing work inferior to that of which he feels himself capable. As a matter of fact Hood is remembered to-day almost exclusively by the less meritorious of his performances. On his grave are carved the words, "He sang the Song of the Shirt," and the fact that most people feel it a fitting epitaph shows that only a minority value him as he would have chosen, and as he indisputably deserved, to be valued. "The Song of the Shirt" has superficial qualities of the highest order. It is difficult to see how any editor could have declined it, or why Mark Lemon should get any credit for accepting such a brilliant piece of poetic journalism. But, after all, the poem is journalism, —burning, palpitating journalism *in excelsis*, but journalism none the less. Compare it with "Lycus the Centaur" and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and you appreciate at once how sadly a life devoted to turning out what would sell quickest had blunted and deadened the delicate edge of Hood's poetic workmanship. One need not labour the question of his puns. He punned, as Mr. Jerrold says, like an artist, and brought the play upon words into the region of pure literature. And further: when he was writing "Nelly Gray," "Sally Brown," and the rest, he knew precisely what effect he wished to attain, and he attained it, with infallible certainty. But think of the waste of genius that went to the making of even the lightest of those light verses. He began life as a poet with the best ideals before him. To be sure, he copied Keats, but he was a young man then, and almost all young art is imitative. And his promise was immense. If ever any man saw "the white gods' garments on the hills," it was Hood. And then he had deliberately to go down into the valley, and labour in the workshops to keep a wife and family in comfort. No one pretends, of course, that such sacrifice is not inevitable; no one can be certain, either, that a man's own character does not expand and strengthen under the self-abnegation. It is likely enough that "the witty and the tender Hood," as Landor called him, was all the more tender for having been forced to be witty; that he increased in gentleness and sympathy from having had to resign so much. In art, as in innocence, the poet grew steadily further off from heaven than when he was a boy, and perhaps it was his sense of humour that saved him from growing melancholy in self-pity. To the individual with a sense of humour, his own individuality soon assumes its proper place in the scheme of things—

"For us, we are born: we perish: our days are few."

Still, one cannot help deploring the loss to literature. Some of the humorous poems no one would lose; but then they might have been thrown off at intervals, to amuse his friends. And, on the other hand, surrounding them, and sometimes drowning them out with commonplace, what a mass there is in Hood's work of the merely mechanical and tedious. This was his sacrifice to circumstances, and it raises his life to the level of heroism. "What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none!" Matthew Arnold's noble words recur to the memory, and justify themselves afresh. "Many are called, few chosen"; and what was partly true of Heine is almost entirely true of Hood.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

MERE JOURNALISM.*

In his keen appreciation of the importance of the living moment Mr. H. G. Wells was recently led to pronounce the newspaper fitter food for the City clerk or working-man than the "Faery Queen." This was very like comparing a fresh egg with the multiplication-table. Mr. Wells is nothing if not logical, however; and got out of the difficulty by declaring that the fresh egg was the multiplication-table, —that journalism was, in very fact, literature.

Quite a number of worthy gentlemen—of whom Mr. George Russell is the latest example—seem bent on proving, not that Mr. Wells is right, but that he is not so very far wrong. By their actions they show invincible loyalty to the principle that newspaper articles may be lifted from the columns "which first gave them hospitality" into the pages of a book without anybody recognising them as masqueraders. By such means the humblest journalist can, if he likes, establish a claim to the proud title of "literary man." Mr. Wells would say that he need not take even so much trouble as that. But, doubtless, the journalist feels that the link which binds him to literature is strengthened when he has taken up a safe position between cloth boards.

Now—waiving for the moment this great question of the unity of journalism and literature—there can be no possible objection to worthy newspaper articles being transferred to the more permanent guardianship that comes of better paper and a solid binding. Before they can be regarded and judged as literature, however, the authors must say of them, as Hamlet said of his verses, "They shall to the barber." They should be trimmed, smartened up, shorn of excrescences and marks of age, and generally titivated. This is just what journalists who aspire—amateurs for the most part; literary men gone astray—will not consent to do.

Mr. Russell's is a bad case of neglect. We open his book and begin at the beginning; for, as it is not a novel, there is no necessity to look first at the end. Soon we come on references which would perplex us sorely if experience had not made us wary of the trick. Finishing a chapter on Garibaldi, we find that a friend has reproached our author with having "forgotten Mazzini" in his enthusiasm for the man of action. So we are plunged into an article on Mazzini by the compulsion of this exigent friend. In we go; because Mr. Russell cannot resist a tender appeal, though it is evident from the half-hearted, distantly courteous manner of his writing that he would never of his own accord have penned a line on Mazzini, of whose character and work he appears, indeed, to have the haziest impression. Later on, we meet with references to an event which happened on "Friday and Saturday last," and are compelled to carry our eyes to the bottom of the page to learn from a footnote what particular Friday and Saturday this was. The answers to correspondents who have commented on one article appear in the next. And so on. (Meanwhile, the publisher aggravates matters, in the copy of the book I have before me, by missing a few leaves, and causing a jump from the first page of an article on "Easter," to the middle page of one on "Caricatures"; but this is a fault which cannot be laid to Mr. Russell's charge.) Of course one remarks "Ah! the literature that is journalism," and starts an entertaining game of speculation as to which newspaper the chapter originally adorned. Delightful pastime! The secret is well kept—kept to the very end. Nevertheless, occasional references to Manchester have saved a sporting instinct from going far astray, and great is the triumph when, on the last page, the truth comes out in a Postscript: "Most of the foregoing papers are reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*," etc., with best thanks to the editors "who have so kindly allowed reproduction." This way of making books, and affirming the insoluble quality of literature and journalism, must be a perfect boon to editors, who thereby are enabled to exercise their well-known beneficence without trouble or loss.

Supposing one cannot agree that literature and journalism are convertible terms—supposing one is so old-fashioned as to think they serve two entirely different purposes—now comes the grave problem under which heading to place Mr. Russell's book. It possesses a strong and finely ornamented binding, "cloth gilt": therefore, according to some opinions, it must be literature. Part of it has

* "A Pocketful of Sixpences." By George W. E. Russell. *7s. 6d.* net. (E. Grant Richards.)

appeared in a newspaper: therefore, according to some opinions, it must be journalism. Another part has been granted magazine dignity; therefore, again, according to some opinions, it must be "magazine stuff." Really, the problem is most perplexing. I am afraid we shall be compelled to decide it on the merits of the writing.

For Mr. Russell's knowledge of his world I entertain a great respect. Of his adherence to a consistent but somewhat unusual line of political and ecclesiastical thought I have a rational appreciation. That he is gifted with a pretty gift of epigram there are good reasons for believing, though it is not obtrusive in these pages. Certain of his articles I dimly remember reading with pleasure. But why, if he would make books, does he not make them with more—more journalistic aptitude or literary art, whichever you will—than is displayed in "A Pocketful of Sixpences"? True, Mr. Russell is modest in his title and its explanation. On his title-page he puts this quotation from Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair": "He was not an intellectual Crœsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences." Mr. Russell may not be an intellectual Crœsus; the point is one on which a reviewer may reserve his opinion. I am certain, however, that he could give us, if he chose, more than this very small change.

His chapters are composed of nothing but scraps of reminiscence, his own and other people's, scrappily collected; of fragments of comment loosely expressed. Rarely, if ever, does he convey the impression that he has bestowed on a subject the thought which his readers have a right to expect. He is consistently superficial and commonplace. He writes as a journalist not enamoured of his work might have written in a hurry to catch the press. . . .

There! the murder is out, the problem solved. This is mere journalism—the merest journalism.

THOMAS LLOYD.

MR. NOYES'S POEMS.*

In his new book Mr. Noyes makes a definite advance, not only from "The Loom of Years," that fascinating but doubtful dawn of a talent, but from the "Poems" which were like another dawn where that talent was displayed, often enchantingly, and more variously than before. Several of the new poems take us back to the old: "The Cottage of the Kindly Light" to "The Loom of Years"; "Old Japan at Earl's Court" to "The Flower of Old Japan"; "Forty Singing Seamen" and "The Highwayman" to "Poems"; and some of these returns are delightful in themselves and also because they show Mr. Noyes's flexibility and lasting youthfulness. He had always gaiety, ardour, exuberance and enthusiasm, both in his ideas and in his forms, and he has them still. But those qualities are being turned to finer and loftier uses, and are worthy of them. There are moments when he reminds us, and by no mere echo, of the devotion to high things in Coleridge, in Shelley, and in Mr. Swinburne. His sense of melody and movement is by itself enough to make a reputation. His long measures soar and curve and plunge until the mind is giddy with pleasure and with half-fearful expectation, as for example in his "Orpheus and Eurydice" with its verses like this:

"And they that were dead, in his radiant music, heard the moaning of doves in the olden
Golden-girdled purple pinewood, heard the moan of the roaming sea;
Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting now in the fragrant golden
Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that wandered in Arcady; . . ."

There have been others who have cut reeds like these since Mr. Swinburne cut them, and notably Mr. S. R. Lysaght, but there has perhaps been none to use them and yet be so little overpowered by the master's sentiment as well. "The Haunted Palace," for example, is purely Mr. Noyes, with its

"At last, one royal rose-hung night in June,
When the warm air like purple Hippocrene
Brimmed the dim valley and sparkled into stars,
I saw them cross the foam-lit sandy bars
And dark pools, glimmering green,
To bathe beneath the honey-coloured moon;
I saw them swim out from that summer shore,
Kissed by the sea, but they returned no more."

"The Ride of Phaëthon," too, and "The Swimmer's Race" with its exquisite picture:

"The dome of heaven is like one drop of dew,
Quivering and clear and cloudless but for one
Crisp bouldered Alpine range that blinds the blue
With snowy gorges glittering in the sun. . . ."

And in such poems as "On a Railway Platform" the streaming words represent a real heart ecstacy—

"Leap heart, for the pulse and the roar
And the lights of the streaming train
That leaps with the heart of thy love once more
Out of the mist and the rain. . . ."

But there are finer things than any of these high-spirited dances of words. There are several poems, such as "The Net of Vulcan," "The Last of the Titans," "Niobe," and "The Venus of Milo," which are genuinely creative. In "The Net of Vulcan," for example, a myth is treated in an unstrained, half-allegorical manner that gives it a fresh life and reveals an unsuspected truth and naturalness in it. In "The Venus of Milo," again, the physical beauty of the statue ascends unlaboriously into an immortal beauty—

"The flesh forgets its pale and wandering fires;
We gaze through heaven as from an ivory tower
Shining upon the last dark shores of Time.

"White culmination of the dreams of earth,
Thy splendour beacons to a loftier goal,
Where, slipping earthward from the great new birth,
The shadowy senses leave the essential soul!
Oh, naked loveliness, not yet revealed,
A moment hence that falling robe will show
No prophecy like this, this great new dawn,
The bare bright breasts, each like a soft white shield,
And the firm body like a slope of snow
Out of the slipping dream-stuff half withdrawn."

"The slipping dream-stuff half withdrawn" is a most richly suggestive phrase where physical and spiritual are perfectly mingled in significance. Scattered about other poems are many aptest words, as in the line about modern war:

"And round her cunning brows no laurel shines,"

and in this from one of the love-songs:

"Thy farewells array the west. . . ."

But there is a danger lying in the leaping rhythms that Mr. Noyes uses so well. Even Mr. Swinburne has often found it impossible to use them in such a way that words shall have a profound truth, as well as a melodic value. To balance and fill out these melodies a great many adjectives are used, and we are by no means sure that their sound always justifies their lack of perfect truth. Too seldom are the words transmuted into the very things that they describe. We find "beautiful," "miraculous" "enchanted," "strange," "triumphant," "perilous," "immortal," etc., outworn insignificant words, with a kind of hardness and dulness, with no gleam, no opalescence, no shot colours at all. In the more rhapsodical poems this can be justified, but the danger is that such a use of words may creep into the finer poems; and we think it has done, even in "The Venus of Milo"; while in "In Time of War" it is undoubtedly pernicious in verses like:

"And there are tints of blood between the boulders,
Red glints of fiercer blossom, bright, and bold;
And round the shaggy mounds and sullen shoulders
The gorse repays the sun with savage gold."

* "Forty Singing Seamen, and Other Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. (Blackwood.)

Phrases like "salt strange tears" in "Heine's Dream," too, are apt to be conventional and ineffective. In "The Golden Hynde," this kind of language makes the effect not particular enough, but rather vague and blurred. Mr. Noyes's work is big enough to endure these detractions, or we should never have been at the pains to make them, after such enjoyment as we have taken in his achievement and promise.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A BIBLE ANTHOLOGY.*

It will scarcely be denied, I suppose, that in outward observance, at least, we are less religious than our forefathers. We go to church less frequently and less numerously, and often have to be wooed into attendance by irrelevant inducements. Laments over vanishing congregations arise on all sides, and a contemporary cartoon is not far wrong when it depicts dense throngs following a popular preacher who is holding forth on the Sins of Society, while empty benches confront a neighbouring pastor who is preaching the Beauty of Holiness. All this is as the eye sees it; but whether we are less religious in the inward invisible sense, is quite another matter. I think that we have done no more than revolt from public conformity—from the so-called religion that was put on and off as a garment; and that if religion means the permeation of thought and action by truth, if it means love and pity and reverence, we are growing more, and not less religious. Still, the apparent falling-off is undeniable.

Now it seems strange, but is nevertheless true and natural, that our diminished eagerness for public worship has been accompanied by increased love for the Bible—natural, because just as we have revolted from pretence about worship, so we have revolted from pretence about the Bible, and have at last begun to read with reverence. A few generations ago, people desecrated the Bible by using it as a volume of oracles. They read or repeated passages which they did not understand, and which they did not try really to understand. They justified outrageous enormities by "texts," and believed in the absolute literal truth of everything from Genesis to the Revelation. Earnest men performed intellectual gymnastics in attempting to reconcile the bloodthirsty exaggerations of Oriental writers with the notion of a beneficent Deity, and were so convinced of total inspiration that they took for truth the very impediments of speech in the frail human voices by which God spoke his message. Now this was irreverence: it was giving to human externals the devotion that belonged to the inward divinity: it was honouring equally the bread of life and the earthen vessel that held it.

There was another kind of irreverence. Literal, physical devotion was paid to the Bible—nay, is still paid whenever the idolatrous farce of public oath-taking is performed. The actual fabric—the mere print and paper and cover of it—was reverenced and kissed by people who denounced Catholics as idolaters for reverencing and kissing the crucifix. Children were taught to hold the volume in awe, and if by accident they tore a page, they trembled lest the wrath of God should smite them. All this was the worst kind of irreverence; and thus men turned aside from truth to go after a book.

The result, of course, was that a generation arose that revolted from the Bible. It was shown to be fallible; and earnest men trembled because the foundations of religion seemed failing, while the little Atheist, who scoffed because a whale swallowed Jonah, turned him and swallowed Haeckel instead. But this was only for a moment; rational crticism restored the Bible to thinking readers; the oracles took flesh and became human documents; and essential truth became clearer when the eternal was disentangled from the local. We began to read reverently because we began to read rationally; we honoured the Bible when we gave to its study the finest of our faculties, when we refused to read it in the unimaginative, literal way that Jesus had denounced in the scribes. And so it comes about that in this age, apparently less religious than its forerunners, the Bible is more truly read than ever it was. Of course, in some way or another it always has been read, and its figures and images clothed in their stately Jacobean vesture have formed the speech and guided the thoughts of many generations. Indeed, we English are largely the creatures of two books—the Bible of 1611 and the Shakespeare of 1623. No Frenchman or German or Italian loves the Bible as an Englishman does, because ours is literature, the others mere versions. The Vulgate is great, too; but after all, a book that is to diffuse widest joy in widest commonalty must speak the vernacular and speak it well. The English Bible does this so pre-eminently that surely an equal inspiration must have guided both translation and composition. Viewed rightly, it is indeed the Bible—*the* Book—the Book of books. It gives us matchless characters and mighty events; it gives us drama and history, aphorism and poetry, instruction and consolation, philosophy and speculation, humour and refreshment, beauty that is truth, and truth that is beauty—all that any man can ask of the printed page.

Mr. Courtney's anthology comes to prove that we of this age love our Bibles more and not less. It is an admirable idea most admirably executed—indeed, it seems to me the finest book that 1907 has given us, and it shall stand always in reach by my bedside. One is at first inclined to wonder that such a volume has not been produced before; but, after all, it could hardly have come earlier, for Mr. Courtney "places" his extracts historically with brief and illuminating little notes based on the most recent researches, and his introductory essays are exactly what the reader wants. I remember how the story of Abraham suddenly came alive to me as a child when some one explained that the Patriach was a sort of Arab chief, and "placed" his life for me amid the shifting scenes of desert and oasis. Mr. Courtney's notes are full of such vivid touches—here, Isaiah in the siege of Jerusalem is compared to Gordon in Khartoum or Havelock in Lucknow; there, the difficulties of Job are indicated by saying that the author worked over an ancient and popular story, just as Goethe worked over the ancient and popular legend of Faust. The selection is most admirably made, and above all, the text is the dear text of the Authorised Version that has been music in the ears of Englishmen for three hundred years. When I found in the Revised edition that the learned and literal doctors had spoiled the glorious rhythm of Corinthians by writing "for now we see in a mirror darkly," in that book I read no more.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Literary Man's Bible." Arranged with introductory Essays and Annotations by W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE CLYDE.*

It would be hard to find a more fitting author for a descriptive book on the Clyde, from the source to the sea, than Mr. Neil Munro, for in him we have not only a writer with a delightful and suggestive style, but one whose whole life has been spent on Clydeside. His early years were passed in Argyllshire's romantic capital, Inveraray, at the head of one of the Firth of Clyde's lochs—Lochfyne; later, he was a journalist in Greenock; from which he moved to Glasgow, where his calling as a newspaper writer gave him intimate opportunities of studying the city which made the Clyde just as the Clyde made the city—to quote the hackneyed epigram that does weary duty at the annual and magnificent banquets of that splendid body the Clyde

* "The Clyde: River and Firth." Painted by Mary Y. and J. Young Hunter. Described by Neil Munro. 20s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Trust, a body the unique operations of which are described with much zest in the present volume. To say that Mr. Munro is steeped in the Clyde might not be particularly happy, for the Clyde that comes to the mind of the majority of people at a mention of its name is an unsavoury stream, a mighty drain without a roof; but assuredly the river has gripped him, and it is with affection as well as keen penetration that he writes of the river in its various locations and aspects. "The Clyde" is no guide-book: it is something more, and it is something better; it is a successful attempt to bring home to those who do not know the river a sense of the charm which it has for all who have come from its banks or are by them yet. The task was not an easy one; though this is a point that Mr. Munro with his graceful periods and thorough knowledge of his subject is apt to make the reader overlook. The romance of such places as Rutherglen, Bowling, Greenock, Paisley, Cambuslang, does not lie on the surface, and even the dwellers in these towns might not be the first to admit that they had any romance at all; but just as Mr. Kipling discovered and gave lyrical statement to the romance of the morning train from the suburbs to the City, so Mr. Munro invests the smoky townships of Clydeside with a romance that is all their own. The Scotch Black Country and the English Black Country differ from each other; the differences may be minute to the casual spectator who views these strange lands from a passing train, but they are made clear by the writer of this book. "The Clyde" is a worthy addition to Messrs. Black's long and excellent series of colour-books: but many may be of the present writer's opinion that author and artists are more happy in their treatment of the river from Glasgow downwards than with the upper reaches. It is true that Mr. Munro has much beautiful writing about the orchards of Lanarkshire and about the remote scene in which Clyde takes its birth, and that the artists have made some charming landscapes of Upper Ward scenery; but the enthusiasm of all three collaborators is greater after we reach Glasgow on our downward tour; and it is then that we find Mr. Munro writing thus:

"No, commerce is not Glasgow's god, not its poor fleeting rewards her only stimulant: handmaiden among the cities of Britain, drudge and serf, that the wide world may be gay in the fabrics of her making, and safely sail the ocean in her honest ships, or speed in security and comfort in many lands behind her iron horses, and trust the integrity of her metal and the skill of her working men. Glasgow vividly or vaguely sees her future in the ampler horizons that encircle Gilmorehill. Thence still flows the same clear stream of learning, of culture, of righteous endeavour that had its first source in the old High Street College four hundred years ago. In all the later years of her strenuous toil and its inevitable grime, she has not all forgotten that while the Molendinar, by whose pure purling waters our forefathers played, is a ditch and buried, her way lies west, in the course of a nobler stream, that flows into a land of golden evenings."

The descriptions of Glasgow to-day are among the finest things in a fine book; and, naturally, there is much that is most readable about Glasgow's docks. There is mention of the native sailors who carry about the world with them a not unpleasing thought of Glasgow Harbour, as a familiar Avernus full of phantom fleets whereof one special ship must be discovered ere the dawn—

"The ship (with luck) is found, her Blue Peter high at the truck, though unseen in the darkness: the Old Man swears at the lubberly late-comer, who awkwardly bears his dunnage over the gang-plank: friends on the quay edge cry after him, 'Ye didna shake hands, Jack,' to which he retorts: 'Lord! neither I did; ach! it doesna maitter; I'll be back in a year or twa.' And so, carelessly, goes forth to the mercy of sea and storm another fearless spirit with a vast deal more of sentiment in his soul than you might think to hear that last good-bye."

The pictures, of which there are sixty-seven, are by Mrs. Mary Young Hunter and Mr. J. Young Hunter (a son of the late Mr. Colin Hunter), both of whom are well-known exhibitors at leading art exhibitions. The originals—shown in London some weeks ago—are in oil and in water-colour, and lend themselves admirably to the process of reproduction. There is, however, an annoying and inartistic predominance of yellow; all the trees are not distinguished by good draughtsmanship; and one notes with regret that there are no pictures of Clyde scenery with snow. The bustling activity of the river at Glasgow is well caught, there is a particularly fine painting of "West Harbour, Greenock," a romantic impression of "Port Glasgow from Cardross," a quaint and delicately tinted view of Inveraray, and a breezy view of summer yachts off Hunter's Quay.

NAPOLEON AND THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.*

It may at the outset be declared without reserve that the seven hundred and odd pages that make up the two bulky volumes of Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley's book, "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," form a contribution

Pitt as a Volunteer.
(From "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

to our national history of exceptional interest and real importance. In spite of the immense and ever-accumulating mass of literature on the Napoleonic era—some of it of marked excellence—the joint authors of the present book have been successful in presenting to the world a work on Napoleon's tremendous project of a descent on England which stands by itself, and must prove invaluable as a work of reference.

Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley offer a picture of the most dramatically exciting period in all our national history in a form that differs from anything that English readers have ever had placed before them hitherto. Every one knows

* "Napoleon and the Invasion of England." By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. 2 vols. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

something, or has heard something, of the general story, of the incidents of the "Great Threat," the "Great Terror," which, just a hundred years ago, filled the minds of men, women, and children throughout the country, and haunted the homes of our land with an ever-present dread of impending invasion, which turned Great Britain from Cromarty Forth to Cornwall into a vast camp. The story of how the British spirit roused itself, how all classes and parties laid aside their differences, to stand shoulder to shoulder confronting the national foe, is one of the most interesting features of the book. For the first time, also, we have here fully set out the details of what was taking place simultaneously on both sides the Straits of Dover.

The narrative, as the authors relate it, practically covers eight years—from 1797 to 1805—dealing with the two schemes of attack across the Straits of Dover which are associated in men's minds with the name of Napoleon. It opens with the invasion project of 1797, proposed by the Directory, which Napoleon himself, after encouraging and countenancing it up to a certain point, threw over in the spring of 1798, in order to prosecute his Egyptian expedition. He afterwards, after his return to France, as First Consul, took up the invasion scheme again, until the Peace of Amiens caused the project to be laid aside.

One of the most interesting features of the first of the two volumes, and a detail to which particular attention has been paid, has reference to the attempts on Ireland under Hoche and Humbert and Commodore Bompart. The account, in addition, throws fresh light on the amazing affair of the "Black Legion," and the landing in Fishguard Bay, South Wales. In this connection, indeed, the authors bring forward a new and extremely curious document—the "Instructions" drawn up by Hoche "for Colonel Tate" and his "Black Legion." It affords entertaining reading, for surely a more crazy plan of campaign was never planned. Tate was to sail up the Severn estuary and lay Bristol in ashes. He was next to cross over and land at Cardiff, and then march off inland into South Wales, the people of which would, it was confidently anticipated, rise and join hands with the invading convicts on behalf of the sacred cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity! A section of the volume is also given to the doings of the so-styled "Army of England" of 1797–8, and the career of its "Wing," which Napoleon led to Egypt and deserted. In like manner from the letters and diaries and personal narratives of eye-witnesses and people on the spot, we have vividly brought before us what was passing in England meanwhile. A remarkably detailed and telling account of the wild raptures with which the Treaty of Amiens was received in England by all classes closes the first volume.

The story of the colossal invasion project of the years 1803 to 1805, and how England faced the peril that threatened her, forms the theme of the second volume. That is practically entirely devoted to the story (from both sides) of the "Great Terror," Napoleon's gigantic project of an invasion with the Grand Army in force, engineered under his personal supervision as First Consul and as Emperor, which sprang into active being immediately on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and kept Great Britain, throughout the length and breadth of the land, in a fever of anxiety until Nelson struck the death-blow to all invasion schemes at Trafalgar. How and why Napoleon's elaborate and chessboard-like plans of naval concentration were foredoomed to failure has never been told before in so interesting a form. With regard to the invasion story of 1805, we are, of course, on familiar ground in the second volume, and in consequence there is less to be learnt here from the book in regard to our general knowledge of events. All the same, nothing could be more attractive and telling than the painstaking and instructive marshalling and arrangement of facts and details throughout the volume.

As before, equal attention is paid to both sides of the Channel. We get many glimpses of how, on this side, the spirit of the nation rose to the occasion. Here, for instance, is one: "The squire," we are told, "forgot 'caste' and stood shoulder to shoulder with the ploughman. Pitt, as Colonel of the Cinque Ports Volunteers, drilled his troopers at Walmer Castle every day; Fox became a private in the Chertsey Volunteers; and the Duke of Clarence commanded a corps near his seat at Bushey, thereby setting a splendid example to others in high places. Even the peace-loving Addington put in an appearance at the House of Commons wearing a military uniform."

To enhance their attractiveness, from cover to cover both volumes are packed full of illustrations, all taken from contemporary sources: from sketches, views, broadsheets, caricatures, medals, playbills, and from prints grave and gay of every imaginable kind; from the pencils of Gillray and Rowlandson, to name two leading artists of the day, at their best, as well as from the elder Cruikshank, Woodward, and many others.

THE ETHICS OF REVOLT.*

"As the desire of the hart for the water-brooks is born of true need and the possibility of quenching thirst, so the longing of all men for true joy in life, of many for the realisation of immortality, and of a few for closer union with the Eternal Love, is founded upon an unconscious trust in the sanity of their desires." Such is the closing sentence of a remarkable and closely reasoned essay "On Values in Life" in the newly published volume by Dr. Greville MacDonald entitled "The Ethics of Revolt"—a series of papers "mainly the substance of certain lectures, given chiefly to working-men in various places" and republished at the request of the latter. When poetry and logic join hands with science in humility of strenuous brother-service, the result cannot be other than redemptive, and not least is this true when, as in the book before us, that brother-service demands self-sacrificing courage and is all aglow with such simple purity of worship as finds in the light of reason and the fire of love a Presence that is greater than either and that includes both, the one divine response to the world's agonising riddle.

To the thousands who owe immeasurable gratitude to that immortal prose romance to which its author, Dr. Greville MacDonald's father, gave the name of "Phantastes," these earnest and inspiring pages will recall, in a wholly new form, the old delight; for, as well in spirit as in style, these trenchant and eloquent essays are vital with the same sincerity, the same reverent seeking and finding, which dwelt in that lovely and uplifting allegory wherein a man at last escaped from the haunting shadow that was the shadow of himself. Taking account of opposite and contradictory side-issues and baffling complexities, but fearless always in hostility to the conventions and platitudes of fashionable pharisaism, Dr. MacDonald points out for the race collectively, as well as for each individual Phantastes, a clue whereby we may win through "the dark wood." Step by step, the author takes us with him—for the essays, each distinct from each, are, by their unmistakable veracity, harmonious and cumulative—until at the end we echo, with a deep sigh of content, his conviction that, though the road may "wind up-hill all the way," it is, precisely by reason of its ascending toil and *disciplined* freedom, a beneficent road, and that "all our investigations in science and strivings after wisdom bring us back to the simplest of ideas, grasped as well by the good child as by the truthful philosopher; that the Love of God is the soul and energy of the universe. Given knowledge of this, and the heart of man is at peace with his desires."

The author's daily work—he is a doctor, a throat and ear specialist in the front rank of his profession—has for many years held him in such close and constant touch with

* "The Ethics of Revolt." By Greville MacDonald, M.D., Honorary Fellow of King's College, London. (Duckworth & Co.)

practical duties, sufferings, needs, that his philosophy is no mere academic theory; it burns with the steady flame of a hard-won illumination upon life's great need, facing all the many-sided difficulties and apparent paradoxes and piercing doubts which beset keen minds and earnest hearts, and must especially ever dog the path of any humane and open-eyed physician. He does not sneer at man's mystic power over his own body, but neither does he hold that we have any right to refuse the tools given for mending that temple of the soul *from without*, any more than the transcendental process, more easily recognised perhaps as a divine gift, whereby that temple built of flesh and blood may sometimes be mended *from within*.

In such vexed and controversial questions as anti-vivisection, vegetarianism, and all the eager enthusiasms of those whom a shallow indifferentism labels "cranks," the writer's courtesy is of the soul and not merely of the surface, and while, with sane and disarming respect, he entreats the earnest reformer not to defeat his own ends by unconscious arrogance, vindictiveness, or unveracity, his courage as a doctor in speaking out plainly against much that a selfish *esprit de corps* tempts many to ignore, and his fine appreciation of what is noblest in every kind of non-conformity, whether religious, political, or social, cannot but deeply stir all wise and generous hearts. His scientific training and high standing lend an impressiveness to such utterances that may help to move the slothful and careless Philistine, and hearten the crusade of those who brush aside fashionable cant in their determined effort to obey the Master's bidding and succour outcast lives despised and crushed and wounded beneath the Juggernaut cars of hypocritical Push and Scramble.

His contention is never trite, though it may fall to that level in the bald summary of the present reviewer's inadequate words. With a quiet humour that always verges on satire, he lays bare the hidden crux of more than one misinterpreted problem, and shows how the real solution of life's paradoxes lies not in a weakening of truths that seem to be opposed to one another, but in the recognition of some larger and more fundamental truth which embraces and reconciles them.

Do progress and tradition seem at variance? There is no true progress, he reminds us, that does not grow out of what is oldest and most stable, since in one of the laws of being, as formulated in the "Survival of the Fittest," evolution is the mark of an ascending life that has its birth beyond the elusive reckonings of time; and, on the other hand, there is nothing steadfast, nothing of high and persistent value, that does not contain within itself the power of growth. "*The principle of life*"—and the italics are his—"*is no other than the tradition of life, a tradition, however, that has no vitality save in its determination of progress.*"

The well-balanced and merciful paper entitled "Vivisection and Progress" must be read from end to end before justice can be done to it, and with such complicated and carefully formulated context, garbling would be especially cruel; but, while rendering reverent tribute to the noblest in his own profession—men who daily carry their lives in their hands for the good of their fellows—Dr. MacDonald, with a courage that will doubtless have cost him dear, fires this ringing shot in aid of the silenced: "The student can never grasp vital processes by vivisections as he would physical laws by chemical and mechanical experiments; not even with all the scientific makeshifts for compelling an outraged life to remain in a dismembered body"; and this avowal is preceded by his frank admission on an earlier page that "The evidence is sufficient to justify, in" his "own mind, a large measure of sympathy with the anti-vivisectionists, though" he is "not one of them." After arraying the opposing arguments of both plaintiff and defendant, he ends his address to the jury with these telling words: "Even the cure of disease is not the first point in the health of the people; and the nicer knowledge of physiological laws will not contribute much to our sanity."

He is never content with glib answers to popular questions. The simple life that is its own divine reward may, he maintains, be outwardly complex. Its simplicity must lie in its single-minded unselfishness of aim, its refusal of all that is a robbery of others in our great human family, its discriminating choice of what makes only for increase of finer work and fuller service and such uplifting beauty as shall bless every human being that holds commerce with it; so that, whether it be in hut or palace, it shall overbrim with the divine simplicity of love.

In the stimulating and suggestive paper headed "Nature and Remedy," he is equally plain-spoken, whether he is rebuking the corrupting selfishness of those who refuse to live, and reminding us that "life lives only in the doing of sane work," or pointing out that "to confound our own private wages in death that we win by every breach of the commandments, to confound this, I say, with Death, the beneficent midwife, is foolishness." And in "The Evolution of the Crank" he writes: "Your Christian Scientist, though inspired by an absolutely sane faith that trust in the divine life which all men share will effect unsuspected wonders of healing without the help of drugs, brings himself and his system into ridicule when he refuses a dose of castor oil to a child with a pottleful of rotten strawberries in his little belly. Still more does he dismay the simpler Christian when he denies the reality of Christ's suffering and appends to that holy name the equivocal epithet of *Scientist*. And yet we must accord even this latest product of righteous insubordination its due, and learn if possible the truth that underlies its absurdities. The churches have let slip from their hearts and minds the great possibilities of bodily healing that lie in pure faith; and they have no greater condemnation to face than this, that, despite its tricky gnosticism and irreverent docetism, this newest heresy can do more for men's suffering bodies than rival priesthoods claiming a monopoly in Apostolic privileges."

Perhaps the three essays which to some of us make the deepest appeal are those entitled "The Individual in Evolution," "The Destiny of Man," and "The Energy of Life." After referring to "Haeckel's fundamental law of biogenesis," he writes as follows: "If all living things are what they are, both in attainment and in the possibility of higher excelling, because they inherit the power of life, whence, we are compelled to ask, has the primordial ovum of all won its inheritance?—an inheritance, we must remember, which holds in it the ultimate possibility of producing man, along with all the lesser species which have preceded his creation and branched off to right and to left of the upward-extending tree, some in steady increase of excellence, some to reach an equilibrium, some to be blotted out as worthless. And our science, like our philosophy, teaches us that we must father the Cybele of the ancients, the primordial protoplasm of the moderns, upon the Primal Cause of the Universe, the Eternal Reason of things. And this Cause of Life must be essential life itself. Otherwise our studies in biology are meaningless, and life has emanated from that which could not give it an inheritance of purpose to become. Life is not only an inheritance; it is what it is in virtue of its prospective possibilities. Life exists not for what it is, but for some future, immediate or distant, which every smallest particle of life is intent upon seeking." The essay from which this fragment is taken goes on to show, in a passage of cogent logic and stirring eloquence, that this is the real answer to the materialist's charge of anthropomorphism, "unless indeed man, who has been evolved from the Eternal Reason, is greater than this Power. What! the men who people the man-heaps called cities: who fight to save them the labour of living: who force Nature's energy to mar her beauty and to anticipate her bountiful providence: who drive to hell the women they love, and use the children of their brothers as even they dare not use their own! Is each one of these, because he possesses also something of consciousness,

love, and the power to deny himself that his neighbours may live, greater than the Godhead who has produced him? . . . And if the almighty Reason has willed that man should work out his own evolution and so win the life that is offered, we may know that the Eternal is greater than man in all man's attributes and virtues, and that in personality and love, in mercy and power, in faithfulness, the eternal, ordering Cause cannot be less than its creatures."

Of deep and permanent interest is Dr. MacDonald's controversy with recent theories of social evolution—he names especially those of Mr. Benjamin Kidd and Mr. H. G. Wells—in the first of the three lectures mentioned above, the essay entitled "The Individual in Evolution." It is the more striking because of its guarded fairness.

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE KING OF NONSENSE.*

Edward Lear has been dead for nearly twenty years, and it is only now that some adequate record of his life and his work is given to the public. To a generation which has grown accustomed to the biographies of the undistinguished (in two stout volumes), this fact by itself is sufficiently surprising. All the more warmly, however, do we welcome Lady Strachey's record of her uncle's friend, the artist, the poet, the incomparably whimsical and delightfully freakish humorist whose verses and pictures brightened our childhood. Lady Strachey, we may say at once, has done her work well. She has a due appreciation of her hero's many merits, but she does not ape the style of the modern biographer and force these merits down our throats. Her introduction in its modest restraint is a model of what such an article ought to be. Her explanatory notes are sufficient, but never obtrusive, and for the most part she allows Lear to tell his own story in his own inimitable way. Here is a specimen of that way—he is writing from St. Leonards-on-Sea on October 21, 1859, to Chichester Fortescue:

"Returning from seeing my beloved parent [Holman Hunt] safe to the Railway, I find your letter, together with one from J. Harford, a highly friendly concatenation of correspondence.

And being so cold just now I can't go to bed, and yet am only half awake, I shall endeavour to scrawl a line to thank you for your last, and to epopsimate the fangropunxious feelings of my buzzim. . . . I have sent you a long scrawl of family talk, but I know it won't bore you. You are a very queer Secretary of State, who don't get altered by your conditions and positions, as far as I can see, nohow. . . . O dear me! there is a good deal to say about my picture of Bassæ and many more mompophlious matters; but the dim lamp wanes; the dark sea moans and roars, and it is time that I should go to bed. Good-night. These are the most bestest lodgings I've been in for a long time."

Epopsimate! Fangropunxious! Mompophlious! There are scores and scores of these gorgeous, barbaric, inevitable words scattered through the letters. How splendidly mouth-filling and resonant they are, and how joyously they burst their way through the conventions of the philologists! They would give tone even to a dictionary of derivations. Nobody can fail to understand their meaning; they are exactly right and exactly in the right place.

Here again are three stanzas from a rhymed letter to his friend 40scue, as he usually styled him:

"Alas! Blue Posts I shall not dare
To visit ere I go—
Being compulsed to take such care
Of all the winds as blow.

"But if you are not coming now
Just write a line to say so—
And I shall still consider how
Ajoskyboskybayso.

"No more my pen, no more my ink,
No more my rhyme is clear.
So I shall leave off here, I think—
Yours ever,

EDWARD LEAR."

The following extract shows him in a more serious mood. He writes from Corfu to Lady Waldegrave in 1863:

"The battle about Colenso interests me immensely: I perceive that Hampden and Thirlwall are the only two of the silly Bishops who have not signed the Memorial to 'Natal.' In the nature of things it was not to be supposed that the Bps. were to forward Colenso's views, but they might have done another thing—to wit, let him alone. A broader creed, a better form of worship—the cessation of nonsense and curses, and the recognition of a new state of matters brought about by centuries, science, destiny or what not, will assuredly be demanded and come to pass, whether Bishops and priests welcome the changes or resist them. Not those who believe that God the Creator is greater than a Book and that millions unborn are to look up to higher thoughts than those stereotyped by ancient legends, gross ignorance, and hideous bigotry—not those are the infidels, but these same screamy ganders of the Church, who put darkness forward and insist that it is light. Meanwhile, I hear that a measure is to be brought forward in the Legislature to simplify the Creed of religious England, and thus by the shortest Catechism to abolish all infidel doctrines. The Bishops of all dioceses are to prevent the clergy from allowing any person to attend church who does not answer two simple questions in the affirmative:

"1st. Do you believe in Balaam's ass, Jonah's whale, Elisha's bears, and Lot's wife?

"2nd. Do you believe that all mankind who do not believe in these creatures will be burned in everlasting fire, wholly without respect to their wisdom, charity or any other good quality?

". . . My life here has gone on very sklombionbiously on the whole—though I go out very little, not being, as you know, of a gregarious nature."

**"There was a Young Lady of Clare
Who was sadly pursued by a bear.
When she found she was tired,
She abruptly expired,
This unfortunate Lady of Clare."**

(From "Letters of Edward Lear," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

The artistic side of Lear's career is very fully brought out in Lady Strachey's book. Painting, indeed, was not only his favourite study, but the serious pursuit of his life, and the beautiful landscapes that came from his brush deserve to be held in remembrance almost as much as his efforts in the realm of nonsense. We are grateful to Lady Strachey for giving us some fine reproductions of illustrations that adorned Lear's "Journal of a Landscape Painter in Albania and Illyria" (1851). They are painted with a surprising force and freedom and a deep feeling for atmosphere and composition.

But it is as a poet that we ourselves like best to think of

* "Letters of Edward Lear, Author of 'The Book of Nonsense,' to Chichester Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, and Frances, Countess Waldegrave." Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. 15s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Lear. He gave nonsense its place in poetry, not by virtue, of course, of strange verbal contortions, but by a quaint and tender strain of feeling and by a sense of music and rhythm in which nobody in that line has been able to equal or, indeed, to approach him. In that famous "Book of Nonsense Songs," for which he wrote both the words and the music, are many beautiful bits of sublime fooling. Our own favourite is the "Pelican Chorus":

"Last year came out our Daughter Dell;
And all the birds received her well.
To do her honour, a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade.
Herons and Gulls and Cormorants black,
Cranes and Flamingoes with scarlet back,
Plovers and Storks and Geese in clouds,
Swans and Dilberry Ducks in crowds.
Thousands of birds in wondrous flight!
They ate and drank and danced all night,
And echoing back from the rocks you heard
Multitude-echoes from Bird and Bird.

. . . . . .

Often since, in the nights of June
We sit on the sand and watch the moon;—
She has gone to the great Gromboolian plain,
And we probably never shall meet again!
Oft in the long still nights of June
We sit on the rocks and watch the moon;—
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore,
And we probably never shall see her more.
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still!"

That is Aristophanic with a whimsical kind of pathos all its own.

R. C. LEHMANN.

COLERIDGE.

Two editions of Coleridge * before us, one of them very ably introduced by Mr. Quiller-Couch, tempt us to express our doubts with regard to the position which the author of "Christabel" has been accorded in our literature. Of course, in an age so open-minded as the present, this is not only to court disaster, but to stamp one's speech as that of a fool, a Protectionist, a Philistine, or a pro-Boer, especially in face of the fact that some of our greatest poets and critics (not all of them dead) maintain the best work of Coleridge to be supremely great. Let us, however, with all due deference, prefer our reasons for making this insignificant stand in the gap through which, as we believe, our highly logical literary public is flocking like so many sheep.

In the first place, let us remark that we have no wish to set up our opinion against that of our betters. Yet has not one of them said that they would be the last to desire that we should pretend to a certainty which is not our own? Of Shakespeare we are certain, of Milton we are certain, of Wordsworth we are certain, of Keats, of Chaucer, of Shelley, of Byron, of Tennyson, of Browning, of Swinburne we are also certain, and we can give reasons for our certainty that their work has supreme literary and artistic value. Here is a sufficiently broad field to show that we are ruled by no narrow principles when we hesitate to give Coleridge a place anywhere near the great masters we have mentioned.

Let us examine his case. If we take up any essay on Coleridge (like those which form the introductions to the two editions before us), we find that his fame depends chiefly on his two so-called masterpieces, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." We will examine later the four or five smaller poems that are said to enhance the brilliance of a constellation which we are asked by great critics (with a few notable exceptions) to regard as of the same magnitude as the "Prometheus" of Shelley, the "Atalanta" or "Tristram of Lyonesse" of Swinburne, the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, or the "Pippa Passes" of Browning. "Christabel," to begin with, like "Kubla Khan," is an unfinished fragment, with even more loose ends, owing to its greater length and complexity. It is therefore absolutely lacking in the structural beauty which such a poem must have, if it is to rank with our "Hamlets" or even with such poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes." It is possible, we admit, for a fragment to suggest the finished beauty of a perfect whole. But the critic cannot take the will for the deed: he has to judge what lies before him, and in "Christabel" he sees not only an unfinished fragment, but also a fragment which is divided against itself, is discordant and painfully discordant even within its own narrow limits. For the second part of "Christabel" stands to the first in very much the same sort of relation that a piece of Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends" or Praed's "Red Fisherman" would have to the "Dreamland" or the "Sleeper" of Poe. We are, therefore, compelled to shut one eye, as it were, and consider only one portion of the fragment, namely, the first part of "Christabel," if we are to be fair to Coleridge; and our contention is that, however strenuously and firmly we close our right eye to the almost painfully meretricious effects in that second part—

"Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine," etc.—

the first part has really far closer affinity to those poems by a minor poet like Poe than to the loftier creations of the great masters. Isolated lines of great beauty are to be found in both; but isolated lines, like isolated curves, do not make a picture or a poem, and their beauty is not rare, or beyond accidental achievement. And even in the oft-quoted passage ending with the beautiful lines—

"'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way,"

there are serious flaws if it is to be judged by the highest standard; though we admit that passage is really exceptionally beautiful.

From a purely metrical point of view, for instance, the way in which the two sibilants meet between the words "comes slowly" is a real blemish, and would in itself preclude the passage from being compared, in point of metrical beauty, with such harmonies as those of "Œnone":

"There lies a vale in Ida lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills,"

or

"The long brook falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea."

The simple fact is that in metrical beauty even the first part of "Christabel" is not to be compared with the highest achievements in English verse. Neither in vowel melody, which is one thing, nor in vowel harmony, which is quite another thing, nor in the manipulation of consonants, nor in that control of expression which comes from perfect and unconscious mastery of syllabic equivalence, is it even to be mentioned in the same breath with such glorious outbursts of song as the first chorus in "Atalanta"—

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow and plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,"

with its splendidly precise beat on the first syllable of the third line. Or if that be an example of a too elementary rhythmical beauty for the mysteriously subtle ears of the critics who detect one knows not what ineffable music in

* 1. "The Poems of Coleridge," illustrated by Gerald Metcalfe, with an Introduction by E. Hartley Coleridge. (John Lane.) 2. "The Poems of Coleridge," with an Introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Henry Frowde.)

the haphazard cadences of "Christabel," shall we proffer this?—

"What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife:
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life."

Perhaps it would hardly be fair to Coleridge to mention the faulty cockney rhymes in which his work certainly does abound. A great poet may be permitted to rhyme "alone in" with "moaning," if we are satisfied that he really knows and cares about what he is doing. In the case of Coleridge, who also rhymes "women" with "humming," we must be allowed to state that we have not that satisfaction. Over the whole work we feel the shadow of his indolent and diseased will, an inability not only to complete the task he had undertaken, an inability not only to make the work "useful" to the Philistines, but also an inability to express his own conceptions, an inability even to serve faithfully in the temple of that Art which has been kind enough and merciful enough—in all conscience—to many another opium eater. He could not even be artistically or beautifully morbid. It is not perhaps obvious that lines like—

"The night is chilly, but not dark,"

are blemished; or that they approximate to the ludicrous in a supernatural poem of this kind. It is not perhaps obvious that the line tends towards—

"The night is coldish, but not dark,"

but the sensitive reader has the fact pointed out to him by Coleridge himself a little too often for it to escape notice in such lines as—

"To shield her and shelter her *from the damp air*,"

where again the two "hers" and the intolerable clash with "air," in the very climax of this marvel of supreme metrical beauty, may be compared with such lines, perhaps, as those of Tennyson—

"Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome,
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of imperial Rome,"

or with such lines as—

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave."

We have no space here to analyse the remarks of great critics on "Christabel." Suffice it to say that the very vagueness of their subject has allowed them to display in some cases considerably more imagination and wonder than are to be found in the poem itself. That often happens, as every one knows; and as for the place which they accord Coleridge,

"At times the small fly on the window-pane
Will seem the black ox on the distant plain."

The compliments which they pay to Coleridge are merely evidence of their own generous imaginative power, and we do not say this in any unworthy sense.

Again, a poem like the "Ancient Mariner" cannot for a moment be compared with such a ballad as the famous "Clerk Saunders." The "Ancient Mariner" is, in parts, almost a parody of what is best in the old ballads. That it has great merits goes without saying. We do not dispute that. But can that gentleman with the "skinny hand" be admitted into quite the same Wonderland as "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"? Does not the poem, when read aloud, provoke the occasional smile which we prefer to associate, not with the masterpieces of literature, but with such juvenile performances as the youthful Tennyson's "Coach of Death" and the Death in the Dreadnought Coat, about whom he wrote—

"The cockroach crept and the white fly leapt about his hairless brow"?

The "Ancient Mariner," moreover, has none of that opaque or clear symbolical beauty which, conscious or unconscious, is almost necessary to a poem of its kind, if it is to be counted as of the first order. Here and there we get glimpses of something; but it is immediately clouded, not for artistic purposes, but by the clouded intellect of Coleridge. Even between stanza and stanza there are quite unnecessary lapses, and the prose argument with which he follows the poem, step by step, shows that he felt its structural faults himself, but was too indolent to master them, if he really had the power, in the right way. The stages between the stanza ending

"Ah, wretch, said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow,"

and the next stanza ending

"'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist,"

are not worked out. As a work of art, that later imitation of the "Ancient Mariner" which was entitled the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" is incomparably more complete, though so much less pretentious; and perhaps it is significant that minor sensational poems like that, and the "Dream of Eugene Aram," are the chief later works we owe to the influence of Coleridge.

With respect to the minor poems of Coleridge, such as that which Palgrave included in "The Golden Treasury," the poem about the "crazed knight" and Genevieve, can any one for a moment compare such stanzas as this, from that so-called "superb" effort of Coleridge—

"She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!"

with the pure magic of such stanzas as this from Keats—

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean and sing
A faery song"?

We will not compare anything in Coleridge with the loftier work of Keats, as exemplified by the great Odes.

We have spoken of the lack of humour in Coleridge. This, of course, would apply to Wordsworth, but it does not apply to his greatest work as it does to that of Coleridge. In Coleridge we do not only find it in those unfortunate titles which he sometimes gave to his poems, such as that "To a Young Ass," which looks at the outset like an attempt to parody Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy," or the lines "On a Late Connubial Rupture in High Life" (a perfectly grave poem, by the way), or his "Lines to a Young Friend on his proposing to domesticate with the Author," or that most staggering title of all, "Sonnet to a Friend who asked, How I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me"—a title, it will be noted, longer by many words than Milton found necessary for his Epic! It is not only in titles or in minor poems like that "To an Infant" (which opens in a way that neither Tom Hood nor Mr. Owen Seaman could better)—

"Ah, cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasped knife"—

it is not only in these obscure corners that one traces the mark of the beast; but even in a poem so much lauded by writers of introductions as his "Nightingale" we find the following extraordinary crash, with hideous ruin, ruin and combustion down to the nethermost pit of dull insensibility to the laughter of Olympus. Here is the gem, the perora-

tion, or final flute note of this masterpiece about the same nightingale which Keats glorified—

"My dear babe, . . .
How he would place his hand beside his ear
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (SOME INWARD PAIN
HAD MADE UP THAT STRANGE THING, AN INFANT'S DREAM)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot," etc.

These things will happen, of course, but we think they are out of place in a masterpiece addressed by Coleridge to the nightingale which

"Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn."

Moreover, they make us very suspicious even with regard to the "Ancient Mariner" who had the albatross (a bird about the size of a turkey, we presume) hung around his neck.

ALFRED NOYES.

Novel Notes.

PIP. By Ian Hay. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is difficult to say which is the better part of Pip's story, that of the earlier years when he and his sister are small children together, or of the later when their father is dead, and Pip has gone out into the world to earn a living, and presently finds himself gloriously in love with Elsie Innes. The account of how Pip and Pipette grew up contentedly neglected in the house of their widowed father, the eminent medical specialist, happy in the company of the servants, from whom they gathered all they knew of life and manners, and of how they went together at last to the school of Mr. Pocklington, and the juvenile shrewdness Pip displayed there in his dealings with that fatuous gentleman, are all told with delightful and irresistible humour, and make remarkably good reading. But equally good to read of is the account of the time when he has left his boyhood behind him, and, though he can never realise his dead father's ambition and become a famous doctor, is winning glory as a great cricketer, and love as a mere ordinarily good-looking young man. Mr. Hay calls it rightly "A Romance of Youth," for the abounding humour and high spirits and breezy hopefulness of youth breathe refreshingly through all its pages.

THE SCARLET CLOAK. By Audrey de Haven. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Miss de Haven begins her romance in the Scotland of the middle years of the eighteenth century, and builds it up first round the young wife of staid, elderly Malcolm Baillie, then, when she has made a wreck of her life, round the figure of her son Kenneth. Baillie is a prosperous merchant, and married his girl-wife Lilian out in Virginia, transplanting her thence to his stately and sombre home near Glasgow. He keeps her close under his eye; rarely allows her to go beyond the walls of his estate, and never except when he accompanies her. His friends know he is married, and that he brought a wife back with him from his last journey abroad, but Baillie is not given to entertaining, and even the oldest of his friends has not seen Lilian since the day of her first arrival in Glasgow. When, at length, he is moved to invite some three or four of them to his house, they are charmed with the beauty and winsomeness of the girl who is his wife, and two of them fall straightway in love with her: George Dundas with the honest, romantic, purely idealistic love of a youngster for a pretty face; Major Kinnersley in the sordid, unlovely way of the man of the world, who is also something of a libertine. Lilian is homesick, and yearning after the gaiety and joyousness of the life that was hers when she was at home, and the Major takes advantage of this dissatisfaction and these cravings, and she quite innocently plays into his hands, till it is too late to draw back. When Kenneth reaches manhood, he carries out his father's last wish, and goes in search of her, and finds her on the stage, playing Ophelia in the colony she was born in, and comes by the way on a very charming love-romance of his own. The book is admirably written, and the construction and characterisation are excellent.

THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN-CARRIG." By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Hope Hodgson writes with an amazingly vivid imaginative power, and a skill in the handling of eerie incidents, the creation of bizarre effects, and the atmosphere of nameless horror and terror, that bear comparison with the grimmest and most haunting things that even Poe accomplished. You read this strange, nightmare romance of "The Boats of the *Glen-Carrig*" with a keen and absorbing interest; you find it impossible to close the book till you have read to the end, yet in the latter half of it the horrors of the story are less potent in their effect upon you than were the horrors of the earlier half. They are not less forcibly or realistically imagined, nor less subtly and wonderfully described, but Mr. Hodgson has given us too much of them, we have supped so full that our palate has lost its acuteness, and though we go on swallowing, we no longer taste the full flavour of them. At the outset when we come with our two boat-loads of survivors to that "Land of Lonesomeness," that isle of awful silence that at dawn and sunset is alive with fearsome moanings, and all night is disturbed by a thunderous growling and snarling, as of some impossible wild beast, the whole thing grips, and curiously persuades us to believe in it; the derelict ship stranded on the island, empty of all its crew, and containing fragments of writing that hint at the mysterious and unspeakable doom that had overtaken them; the clammy Something that crawls about the deck of nights, feeling with mighty, squashy hands at the door of the cabin in which the new arrivals have taken refuge; the trees from which it seems the wailings come—soft-branched trees, with grisly human heads bulging like monstrous boles among the upper boughs, pulpy, loathsome trees that bleed when the boatswain in a frenzy slashes at them with his sword: everything of this takes hold upon you, as it was meant to. But when the crew, having found a supply of water, puts out to sea again, and by-and-by comes to a vast continent of oozy, entangling weed, and land on a solid island in the thick of it, and find another derelict vessel with people aboard, and are again scared by nerve-shattering noises in the night, and attacked by men-slugs, mammoth crabs, and other unholy and unheard-of monstrosities, you begin to feel that you are not in the real world at all, but in some gruesome, wholly imaginary world, where things only seem to happen as they do in a dream. Mr. Hodgson's style is admirably restrained, but his imagination runs riot: if he had carried his shipwrecked crew through rough but possible adventures, and then dropped one or two of these creepy, weird experiences into the midst of those, they would have been immensely more effective. It is an uncommonly clever book, nevertheless, and one that augurs well for what its author will do when he has broken his imagination to harness, and has it under control.

BROKEN OFF. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Broken Off" is a fresh and unconventional love-story, and gives its author scope for a very able study of two striking and widely differing characters. Thorold Strong, a middle-class man of some education and artistic tastes but a stranger to society and society ways and manners, comes unexpectedly into an immense fortune, and enters

the upper circles under the guidance of his aristocratic friend Dickie Catesby, an amusing, rather eccentric fellow who has been in the Navy and has a craze for building motor-cars after designs of his own. Dickie introduces him to the impecunious Lord Eldersmain and his family, and Strong falls immediately in love with the eldest daughter, Osmunda, who is in appearance "a Botticelli angel." Her people are anxious for the match; he is a nobody, but has more than wealth enough to cover such a sin as that, and hitherto nobody has shown the portionless Osmunda any serious attention. They assume, as a matter of course, that he is eager to marry her not so much for love as because it would help him socially to be allied to so old and noble a family; and she scornfully makes the same assumption. "Loveless her life had been—often had she craved love. When at last it came, was it to come in such a guise that to accept it would be impossible? That she, descendant of all the Challises, should be the object of the desires of a middle-class parvenu! She set her small teeth rigidly together at the thought." But for all his roughness and blundering awkwardness Strong is a true man, his love is real and unselfish, his resolve more unshakable than her pride. It is an admirably written and intensely interesting story.

The Bookman's Table.

GLEANINGS FROM VENETIAN HISTORY. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a book admirably suited to the intellectual and literary requirements of the average tourist, either English or American, and may therefore be supposed to atttain its object. From the reviewer's standpoint, however, appearing on our table as a feature of the season's literature, it is not an agreeable item. This much may be said in praise of it as a visitor's handbook, that Mr. Crawford has filled some 800 pages with scraps of story and legend and somewhat hurried erudition, with which he ekes out the general history of the Republic. The illustrations are good, with the exception of a number of careless smudges and scratches that cannot be said to enhance the value of the text. In the latter there is evidence of haste, of insufficient elaboration of the mass of material; too frequently we have the sense that the pages are mere transcription, and slovenly transcription at that; and how comes a writer, who from the list of his published works should at least not lack experience, to fall into the easy snare of fine writing? Another error of judgment characteristic of the literary tyro is the affectation of a pseudo-archaic style, as in this fragment of a legend: "Again, a little white cloud appeared to the holy Maurus, and it was the footstool under the feet (sic) of a most fair maiden, who spake and said." . . . The reader shall be spared the rest. It would be unfair to take this extreme instance as typical of the book; it comes in the earlier chapters, and it is in these that Mr. Crawford has concentrated his most glaring errors of style and taste. After all, the book does not stand alone among its contemporaries in the matter of unconscientious workmanship; what calls for special remonstrance is the fact that Mr. Crawford, by the publication of novels that meet with esteem at the hands of the critics, and what matters more, of the public, having made a place for himself among contemporary English writers, by letting his name appear on the title-page of a book of this kind sacrifices not only his own reputation, but in some small degree the honour of our literature.

THE TRAVELS OF THE KING. By Eva Scott. 15s. net. (Constable.)

Still showing herself as indefatigable in research as she is scholarly in style, the authoress of *The King in Exile* now furnishes a fitting sequel to her earlier work in an exhaustive and lucid study of Charles II.'s career from 1654 until the Restoration. The material for this volume would seem to have been drawn mainly from the *Clarendon*, *Thurloe, and Nicholas State Papers*, though the mere selection and arrangement of data have formed but an inconsiderable part of Miss Scott's task. She affords an example of a woman historian possessing a capacity for infinite labour, coupled with a faculty for cultured and restrained expression, a marked skill in portraiture, and something of a sense of humour. As a study the period which Miss Scott has chosen is not edifying, it is distinctly one of moral retrogression, though, after all, it is not for Miss Scott nor for any of us to judge Charles Stuart, who was what circumstances and environment made him. The straits and shifts of the exiled Cavaliers are vividly brought home to the reader. Ormonde, obliged to relinquish his lodgings to the Duke of Gloucester, and already in debt all the world over, "proposed to live upon charity or contemplation, but found the prospect not alluring, though it seemed likely enough to be his fate for any help his master could afford." And Thurloe's spy wrote to his employer, "How they will all live God knows! I am sure I do not." Two months after this Charles writes, "We pass our time as well as people can do that have no money, for we dance and play as if we had taken the fleet plate." Tne book will prove useful as throwing light on many features of a period with which students are little familiar, notably on the inner history of the *Sealed Knot* rising, while it provides a masterly exposition of the intricacies of an endless tangle of intrigue with France and Spain. The slight sensation of dulness necessarily conveyed in the presentation of an immense collection of facts bearing upon a comparatively short period is relieved by Miss Scott's occasional flashes of *naïveté*, thus, "The Archduke was expansive, and gave Seestadt to understand that he had the English king's interest *fort au coeur*, but his sympathy was slightly discounted by his extreme piety, which inclined him to leave the matter to God, without exciting himself much on the subject." The index seems exhaustive and well arranged, the footnotes are copious, and the photogravure plates of the three royal brothers, their sister Mary, Hyde, and many other prominent members of the circle in which the King then moved, are equally deserving of praise. In fine, Miss Scott is again to be warmly congratulated.

STEVENSONIANA. By J. A. Hammerton. (Edinburgh: John Grant.)

One of the most useful and most interesting of the many books that have been published about Stevenson is this of Mr. Hammerton's. It comes to us in its handsomely got up new and revised edition, sealed already with the approval of both critics and public. The first edition, which appeared only some two years ago, is practically out of print, and the continued demand that has called forth this re-issue is in itself a sufficient testimony to the merit of the book. It contains a good deal of matter that is to all intents and purposes inaccessible to the general reader, and not otherwise to be conveniently obtained by the student, and, as Mr. Hammerton mentions in the special preface he has written for this edition, "numerous letters which I have received from Stevensonians, at home and more particularly in America, indicate that a considerable amount of material which has eluded even the enthusiastic collector has here been captured to his service." In the selection and arrangement of the contents Mr. Hammerton displays a literary taste and skill that makes the book at once light and agreeable reading without impairing its great value as a work of reference. He has brought together many excellent critical, biographical and intimately descriptive articles, that have appeared, many of them in Stevenson's life-time, in a variety of magazines and newspapers, by such writers as Barry, Crockett, Henley, Gosse, Christie Murray, Pinero, Conan Doyle, Zangwill, Chesterton; as well as essays, articles, and miscellaneous communications by many another who knew R. L. S. personally, and enjoyed his confidence, or, at least, his friendship. All these have been arranged in chronological sequence, and where necessary Mr. Hammerton has supplied connecting links, so that the book resolves itself into a pleasant informal biography which seems destined to take a permanent place in Stevenson literature. The new material in this revised edition includes several fresh portraits of persons and places that are of quite unique interest and importance.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Twelve years have passed since first we met Bethia Hardacre, and the fact is apparent as we meet her again to-day in **More Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre**, by Ella Fuller Maitland (6s.). Something she has gained from this passage of time, something she has lost. She has gained an added touch of scholarship, a sureness of criticism, a more defined literary bent—perhaps, even, a mellowness of nature. She has lost—yes, she has lost some freshness of outlook and expression, some liveliness, some versatility; she has, in fact, lost Mrs. Goodall's green rep curtains, and all that they stood for. After Bethia found her happiness at the end of the earlier volume, we can imagine that the former chafing of her heart was eased, and that, knowing less of heart-hunger and of the common irritations of daily existence in her more satisfying life, she turned more entirely to the books she loved so well, and, in consequence, books and thoughts on books fill the pages of her later day-book far more than do persons. Here the older poets and their poetry, antiquities, and the curiosities of antiquities, philosophy, and flowers, are written of with a salient discursiveness. Bethia begins her new day-book by commenting on the poets who in earlier days have sung of the Thames—Spenser, Peele, Dunbar, and others. "And where," she asks of Thames, "are your poets now?" The Thames is now without a laureate. We thank her heartily for her discourse on William Browne, too, early singer of haunting pastorals, the melodious outcome of a long home-sickness; true author, too, of the famous epitaph to the Countess of Pembroke:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse," etc.

And Bethia points out interesting traces of Browne's influence upon that later poet of the flowers, Robert Herrick. In this friendly, conversational day-book there is much food for pleasure and for thought; but especially have we enjoyed Bethia's account of the way in which she followed the advice of Richard de Bury (pp. 104–8). Such volumes as these are a club for the "unclubbable" literary man.

MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

Mme. de Sévigné's story is well-known from her letters, but it is one which loses nothing in the re-telling, and whilst Miss Aldis in **The Queen of Letter-Writers: Marquise de Sevigné** (12s. 6d.) has not perhaps thrown much new light upon her subject, she has handled it with great skill and sympathy. Those who read her book cannot fail to realise the charm of the woman there represented, whose large circle of admirers still continues to increase, and will do so until the volumes of her letters are no longer accessible. "It is almost impossible not to admire the Marquise from almost every aspect and in relation to almost every duty of life," remarks the author truthfully, "In the world she is brilliant, witty, amiable, and graceful; to those who have the happiness of being near her heart she is most tenderly affectionate; as wife, mother, niece, friend, she is as nearly perfect as faulty human nature may be; even to this difficult character of mother-in-law, which has been the butt of vulgar wit since the beginning of the world, she adds a new dignity and invests it with a wise and thoughtful tenderness." It would be difficult to draw up a better testimonial of personal amiability than this.

There is one disappointment in store for readers. Miss Aldis has not been able to expand her theme to its rightful proportions. The beginning and middle sections of Mme. de Sévigné's life are very full and complete, but the last twenty years have been dismissed in as many pages. There is but a short description of life at the Hotel de Carnavalet, the fine residence before which Walpole delighted in saying an "Ave Maria de Rabutin-Chantal gratia plena." It would be ungracious to the author, however, to depreciate the good work she has done by complaining that there is not more of it. Particular interest attaches to the views of Mme. de Sévigné's country-houses, Livry and Les Rochers.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

The **Old English Sports**, by Frederick Hackwood, with six coloured and thirty-two half-tone plates from old prints (10s. 6d. net), is a book which covers all kinds of hunting, hawking, jousting, the quintain, racing, baiting, dog fighting, etc. The history is not always adequate, but the descriptions are full and plentifully interspersed with extracts from contemporaries. The illustrations are a good selection from old pictures by Girtin, Rowlandson, Wheble, and others, and from old prints, illuminated manuscripts, and books. It has no competitors.

MR. T. N. FOULIS.

Many publishers may, with reason, envy Mr. Foulis the illustrator of his little square volumes of Scottish idylls and classics, in which "Rob Lindsay and his School" and "Pet Marjorie" were included. Mr. H. C. Preston Macgown, R.S.W., has now illustrated in his unique and charming manner **The Story of Little Janet** (1s. 6d. net) by "Rob Lindsay's" author. The story is "a reminiscence of seventy years ago," and is a touching and pathetic bit of writing. The pages which lead up to Janet's life-story are not of the author's best, but the little reminiscence is a pretty successor to "Rob Lindsay."

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS.

There is a mood which comes to most book-lovers, the mood when a volume of quotations is more to the taste than is a complete poem, treatise or story. As a book for this kind of mood, as well as for the reference bookcase, **Stokes' Cyclopædia of Familiar Quotations** (3s. 6d. net), compiled by Elford Eveleigh Treffry, is unusually well-adapted. Not only does it give thousands of quotations with their sources, but under the subject-headings there may be found a store of less hackneyed material, quotations full of help, suggestion and inspiration for orators, after-dinner speakers, preachers, writers and contributors to albums. Volumes of this nature can never be both handy and complete enough to satisfy every searcher; but it is certainly handy and its selection is admirable as far as we have been able to judge by test cases and by a long browse over its pages.

New Editions.

Popular Tales from the Norse, by Sir George Webbe Dasent, with introductory essay on the origin and diffusion of popular tales (2s. 6d. net), is sent by Messrs. Routledge. It is a reprint, and is thoroughly welcome. Many of the tales are known in other forms from other lands, but it would be hard to find a translator to equal Dasent. He is simple, straightforward, and idiomatic. So that when the tales are read aloud the reader has not to be continually stopping to translate the translator into plain English, as he so often has to do in other books.

The Nature Poems of George Meredith, with sixteen full-page pictures in photogravure by William Hyde, published by Messrs. Constable (12s. 6d. net), consist of seventeen of Mr. Meredith's finest poems, and include "Love in the Valley," "Hymn to Colour," and "The Woods of Westermain." Mr. Hyde's pictures, well reproduced, make an appropriate and dignified addition to the book. His beech-trees and clouds are admirable, and his landscapes without colour show a rare sense of the charm of pure Nature, in summer and winter, in vast spaces and in confined woods, by night and day.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have seized the opportunity of the recent lapse of the copyright of **Palgrave's Golden Treasury** (10s. 6d. net) to make it into a truly beautiful and decorative gift-book. The golden delights of Palgrave's selection from the poets are here enhanced with five-and-twenty full-page illustrations in colour, and tail-pieces, and other decorations in line, by Robert Anning Bell. The artist's well-known grace of line and fertility of imagination are seen to full advantage in his conception of Milton's, Spenser's and Waller's maidens, and the volume as a whole is a Treasury indeed of art and song.

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NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

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